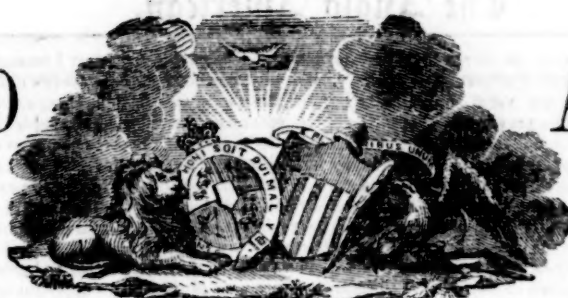


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WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past :
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears ;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow ;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares.
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet.
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.
But oh the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way ;
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray !
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold ;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear ;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear !
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page ;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage !
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew ?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue ;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Stranorlar

FRANCES BROWNE.

HOPE ON !

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Why should the step falter, and tears dim the sight,
And care shade our pleasure, as day melts in night ?
Why droops the sad brow with its weight of despair !
If it turned but on high, lo ! a rainbow is there !
'Tis the semblance of Hope, and the glory it leaves
Should appeal to the bosom that thoughtlessly grieves ;
For the heart but created the hues where they shone :
So the heart in its troubles should ever hope on !

Hope on ! Thus the mariner sings 'midst the gale,
With a glance on the ocean, no terrors can quail ;
The storm may rage round him, and wild shriek the blast,
No fear daunts his spirit—he hopes to the last !
Through the veil of thy sorrows look forth then resign'd,
Let faith in the future, illumine the mind,
For if earth were to fail thee, still, friendless, and lone,
There's a home far beyond it. Hope on, then !—hope on !

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS.—PART I.

THE AFFLICTION OF CHILDHOOD.

[There are few readers, emphatically so called—who are not acquainted with "The Confessions of an Opium Eater,"—a work which excited a startling interest on all who took it in hand, from the devourer of narrative and description to the contemplative examiner of the human heart and actions. Those 'Confessions' open up an operative power over the mind, the imagination, and the physique that few had previously taken into consideration, and the influence of the stimulant was depicted—we may almost say proved—in such a manner that it may well be doubted whether the book did more good than harm. Many who were not shocked were lured, and many were both shocked and lured into this fatal habit which the author *note* tells us, as almost miraculous, he has conquered twice, though each conquest was a dear one. We learn from him that although he twice subdued the insidious foe that was sapping his intellectual man as well

as his moral frame, the victory was not without wounds which cicatrized, but were not entirely healed ; that in grief or misfortunes he had longings and cast lingering looks towards the fatal temporary reliever of his thoughts, and that he now lays before the world his third and heaviest prostration before the "dark idol."

How forcefully he compares the emotions of his heart when he found that he was a third time the victim of his strong enemy, and without a hope of ever getting free again, with those of another in most desperate circumstances,—let the following description of them tell :

"As applicable to this tremendous situation, (the situation of one escaping by some reflux current from the maelstrom roaring for him in the distance, who finds suddenly that this current is but an eddy, wheeling round upon the same maelstrom,) I have since remembered a striking incident in a modern novel. A lady abbess of a convent, herself suspected of Protestant leanings, and in that way already disarmed of all effectual power, finds one of her own nuns (whom she knows to be innocent) accused of an offence leading to the most terrific of punishments. The nun will be immured alive if she is found guilty ; and there is no chance that she will not—for the evidence against her is strong—unless something were made known that cannot be made known ; and the judges are hostile. All follows in the order of the reader's fears. The witnesses depose ; the evidence is without effectual contradiction ; the conviction is declared ; the judgment is delivered ; nothing remains but to see execution done. At this crisis the abbess, alarmed too late for effectual interposition, considers with herself that, according to the regular forms, there will be one single night open during which the prisoner cannot be withdrawn from her own separate jurisdiction. This one night, therefore, she will use, at any hazard to herself, for the salvation of her friend. At midnight, when all is hushed in the convent, the lady traverses the passages which lead to the cells of prisoners. She bears a master-key under her professional habit. As this will open every door in every corridor,—already, by anticipation, she feels the luxury of holding her emancipated friend within her arms. Suddenly she has reached the door ; she descends a dusky object ; she raises her lamp ; and, ranged within the recess of the entrance, she beholds the funeral banner of the Holy Office, and the black robes of its inexorable officials.

I apprehend that, in a situation such as this, supposing it a real one, the lady abbess would not start, would not show any marks externally of consternation or horror. The case was beyond that. The sentiment which attends the sudden revelation that *all is lost* ! silently is gathered up into the heart ; it is too deep for gestures or for words ; and no part of it passes to the outside. Were the ruin conditional, or were it in any point doubtful, it would be natural to utter ejaculations, and to seek sympathy. But where the ruin is understood to be absolute, where sympathy cannot be consolation, and counsel cannot be hope, this is otherwise. The voice perishes ; the gestures are frozen ; and the spirit of man flies back upon its own centre. I, at least, upon seeing those awful gates closed and hung with draperies of woe, as for a death already past, spoke not, nor started, nor groaned. One profound sigh ascended from my heart, and I was silent for days."

It is so painful to a lover of open-hearted sincerity, that any indirect traits of vanity should even *seem* to creep into records of profound passion ; and yet, on the other hand, it is so impossible, without an unnatural restraint upon the freedom of the narrative, to prevent oblique gleams reaching the reader from such circumstances of luxury or elegance as did really surround my childhood, that on all accounts I think it better to tell him from the first, with the simplicity of truth, in what order of society my family moved at the time from which this preliminary narrative is dated. Otherwise it would happen that, merely by moving truly and faithfully through the circumstances of this early experience, I could hardly prevent the reader from receiving an impression as of some higher rank than did really belong to my family. My father was a merchant ; not in the sense of Scotland, where it means a man who sells groceries in a cellar, but in the English sense, a sense severely exclusive—viz, he was a man engaged in *foreign* commerce, and no other ; therefore, in *wholesale* commerce, and no other,—which last circumstance it is important to mention, because it brings him within the benefit of Cicero's condescending distinction—as one to be despised, certainly, but not too intensely to be despised even by a Roman senator. He, this imperfectly despicable man, died at an early age, and very soon after the incidents here recorded leaving to his family then consisting of a wife and six children, an unburthened estate producing exactly 1600*l* a-year. Naturally, therefore, at the date of my narrative, if narrative it can be called, he had an income still larger, from the addition of current commercial profits. Now, to any man who is acquainted with commercial life but above all, with such life in England, it will readily occur that in an opulent English family of that class—opulent, though not rich in a mercantile estimate—the domestic economy is likely to be upon a scale of liberality altogether unknown amongst the corresponding orders in foreign nations. Whether as to the establishment of servants, or as to the provision made for the comfort of all its members, such a household not uncommonly eclipses the scale of living even amongst the poorer classes of our nobility, though the most splendid in Europe—a fact which, since the period of my infancy, I have had many personal opportunities for verifying both in England and in Ireland. From this peculiar anomaly affecting the domestic economy of merchants, there arises a disturbance upon the general scale of outward signs by which we measure the relations of rank. The equation, so to speak, between one order of society and another, which usually travels in the natural line of their comparative expenditure, is here interrupted and defeated, so that one rank would be collected from the name of the occupation, and another rank much higher, from the splendour of the domestic *menage*. I warn the reader, therefore, (or

rather, my explanation has already warned him,) that he is not to infer from any casual gleam of luxury or elegance a corresponding elevation of rank.

We, the children of the house, stood in fact upon the very happiest tier in the scaffolding of society for all good influences. The prayer of Agar—"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—was realized for us. That blessing had we, being neither too high nor too low; high enough we were to see models of good manners; obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Ample furnished with the nobler benefits of wealth, *extra* means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand, we knew nothing of its social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, not tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride. Grateful also to this hour I am, that, amidst luxuries in all things else, we were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet—that we fared, in fact, very much less sumptuously than the servants. And if (after the model of the emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as chiefly worthy to be commemorated—that I lived in the country; that I lived in solitude; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, not by horrid pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful children of a pure, holy, and magnificent church.

The earliest incidents in my life which affected me so deeply as to be memorable at this day, were two, and both before I could have completed my second year, viz. a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favourite nurse, which is interesting for a reason to be noticed hereafter; and secondly, the fact of having connected a profound sense of pathos with the re-appearance, very early in spring, of some crocuses. This I mention as inexplicable, for such annual resurrections of plants and flowers affect us only as memorials, or suggestions of a higher change, and therefore in connexion with the idea of death; but of death I could, at that time, have had no experience whatever.

This, however, I was speedily to acquire. My two eldest sisters—eldest of three then living, and also elder than myself—were summoned to an early death. The first who died was Jane—about a year older than myself. She was three and a half, I two and a half, *plus* or *minus* some trifle that I do not recollect. But death was then scarcely intelligible to me, and I could not so properly be said to suffer sorrow as a sad perplexity. There was another death in the house about the same time, viz. of a maternal grandmother; but as she had in a manner come to us for the express purpose of dying in her daughter's society, and from illness had lived perfectly secluded, our nursery party knew her but little, and were certainly more affected by the death (which I witnessed) of a favourite bird, viz. a kingfisher who had been injured by an accident. With my sister Jane's death [though otherwise, as I have said, less sorrowful than unintelligible] there was, however, connected an incident which made a most fearful impression upon myself, deepening my tendencies to thoughtfulness and abstraction beyond what would seem credible for my years. If there was one thing in this world from which, more than from any other, nature had forced me to revolt, it was brutality and violence. Now a whisper arose in the family, that a woman servant, who by accident was drawn off from her proper duties to attend my sister Jane for a day or two, had on one occasion treated her harshly, if not brutally; and as this ill treatment happened within two days of her death—so that the occasion of it must have been some fretfulness in the poor child caused by her sufferings—naturally there was a sense of awe diffused through the family. I believe the story never reached my mother, and possibly it was exaggerated; but upon me the effect was terrific. I did not often see the person charged with this cruelty; but, when I did, my eyes sought the ground; nor could I have borne to look her in the face—not through anger; and as to vindictive thoughts, how could these lodge in a powerless infant? The feeling which fell upon me was a shuddering awe, as upon a first glimpse of the truth that I was in a world of evil and strife. Though born in a large town, I had passed the whole of my childhood, except for the few earliest weeks, in a rural seclusion. With three innocent little sisters for playmates, sleeping always amongst them, and shut up for ever in a silent garden from all knowledge of poverty, or oppression, or outrage, I had not suspected until this moment the true complexion of the world in which myself and my sisters were living. Henceforward the character of my thoughts must have changed greatly; for so *representative* are some acts, that one single case of the class is sufficient to throw open before you the whole theatre of possibilities in that direction. I never heard that the woman, accused of this cruelty, took it at all to heart, even after the event, which so immediately succeeded, had reflected upon it a more painful emphasis. On the other hand, I knew of a case, and will pause to mention it, where a mere semblance and shadow of such cruelty, under similar circumstances, inflicted the grief of self-reproach through the remainder of life. A boy, interesting in his appearance, as also from his remarkable docility, was attacked, on a cold day of spring, by a complaint of the trachea—not precisely croup, but like it. He was three years old, and had been ill perhaps for four days; but at intervals had been in high spirits, and capable of playing. This sunshine, gleaming through dark clouds, had continued even on the fourth day, and from nine to eleven o'clock at night, he had showed more animated pleasure than ever. An old servant, hearing of his illness, had called to see him; and her mode of talking with him had excited all the joyousness of his nature. About midnight his mother, fancying that his feet felt cold, was muffling them up in flannels; and, as he seemed to resist her a little, she struck lightly on the sole of one foot as a mode of admonishing him to be quiet. He did not repeat his motion; and in less than a minute his mother had him in her arms with his face looking upwards. "What is the meaning," she exclaimed, in sudden affright, "of this strange repose settling upon his features?" She called loudly to a servant in another room; but before the servant could reach her, the child had drawn two inspirations—deep, yet gentle—and had died in his mother's arms. Upon this the poor afflicted lady made the discovery that those struggles, which she had supposed to be expressions of resistance to herself, were the struggles of departing life. It followed, or seemed to follow, that with these final struggles had blended an expression, on her part, of displeasure. Doubtless the child had not distinctly perceived it; but the mother could never look back to the incident without self-reproach. And seven years after, when her own death happened, no progress had been made in reconciling her thoughts to that which only the depth of love could have viewed as any offence.

So passed away from earth one out of those sisters that made up my nursery playmates; and so did my acquaintance (if such it could be called) commence with mortality. Yet, in fact, I knew little more of mortality than that Jane had disappeared. She had gone away; but, perhaps, she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! I was sad for Jane's ab-

sence. But still in my heart I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?

Thus easily was healed, then, the first wound in my infant heart. Not so the second. For thou, dear, noble Elizabeth, around whose ample brow, as often as thy sweet countenance rises upon the darkness, I fancy a tiara of light or a gleaming *aureola* in token of thy premature intellectual grandeur—thou whose head, for its superb developments, was the astonishment of science*—thou next, but after an interval of happy years, thou also wert summoned away from our nursery; and the night which, for me, gathered upon that event, ran after my steps far into life; and perhaps at this day I resemble little for good or for ill that which else I should have been. Pillar of fire, that didst go before me to guide and to quicken—pillar of darkness, when thy countenance was turned away to God, that didst too truly shed the shadow of death over my young heart—in what scales should I weigh thee? Was the blessing greater from thy heavenly presence, or the blight which followed thy departure? Can a man weigh off and value the glories of dawn against the darkness of a hurricane? Or, if he could, how is it that, when a memorable love has been followed by a memorable bereavement, even suppose that God would replace the sufferer in a point of time anterior to the entire experience, and offer to cancel the woe, but so that the sweet face which had caused the woe should also be obliterated—vehemently would every man shrink from the exchange! In the *Paradise Lost*, this strong instinct of man—to prefer the heavenly, mixed and polluted with the earthly, to a level experience offering neither one nor the other—is divinely commemorated. What worlds of pathos are in that speech of Adam's—"If God should make another Eve," &c.—that is, if God should replace him in his primitive state, and should condescend to bring again a second Eve, one that would listen to no temptation—still that original partner of his earliest solitude—

"Creature in whom excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!"—

even now, when she appeared in league with an eternity of woe, and ministering to his ruin, could not be displaced for him by any better or happier Eve. "Loss of thee!" he exclaims in this anguish of trial—

"Loss of thee

Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art; and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

But what was it that drew my heart, by gravitation so strong, to my sister? Could a child, little above six years of age, place any special value upon her intellectual forwardness? Serene and capacious as her mind appeared to me upon after review, was that a charm for stealing away the heart of an infant? Oh, no! I think of it *now* with interest, because it lends, in a stranger's ear, some justification to the excess of my fondness. But then it was lost upon me; or, if not lost, was but dimly perceived. Hadst thou been an idiot, my sister, not the less I must have loved thee—having that capacious heart overflowing, even as mine overflowed, with tenderness, and stung, even as mine was stung, by the necessity of being loved. This it was which crowned thee with beauty—

"Love, the holy sense,

Best gift of God, in thee was most intense."

That lamp lighted in Paradise was kindled for me which shone so steadily in thee; and never but to thee only, never again since thy departure, *durst* I utter the feelings which possessed me. For I was the shiest of children; and a natural sense of personal dignity held me back at all stages of life, from exposing the least ray of feelings which I was not encouraged *wholly* to reveal.

It would be painful, and it is needless, to pursue the course of that sickness which carried off my leader and companion. She (according to my recollection at this moment) was just as much above eight years as I above six. And perhaps this natural precedence in authority of judgment, and the tender humility with which she declined to assert it, had been amongst the fascinations of her presence. It was upon a Sunday evening, or so people fancied, that the spark of fatal fire fell upon the train of predispositions to a brain-complaint which had hitherto slumbered within her. She had been permitted to drink tea at the house of a labouring man, the father of an old female servant. The sun had set when she returned in the company of this servant through meadows reeking with exhalations after a fervent day. From that time she sickened. Happily a child in such circumstances feels no anxieties. Looking upon medical men as people whose natural commission it is to heal diseases, since it is their natural function to profess it, knowing them only as *ex-officio* privileged to make war upon pain and sickness—I never had a misgiving about the result. I grieved indeed that my sister should lie in bed; I grieved still more sometimes to hear her moan. But all this appeared to me no more than a night of trouble on which the dawn would soon arise. Oh! moment of darkness and delirium, when a nurse awakened me from that delusion, and launched God's thunder-bolt at my heart in the assurance that my sister *must* die. Rightly it is said of utter, utter misery, that it "cannot be remembered." Itself, as a memorable thing, is swallowed up in its own chaos. Mere anarchy and confusion of mind fell upon me. Deaf and blind I was, as I reeled under the revelation. I wish not to recal the circumstances of that time, when my agony was at its height, and hers in another sense was approaching. Enough to say—that all was soon over; and the morning of that day had at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face, sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking, and upon me sorrowing the sorrow for which there is no consolation.

On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of "sentimental," nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief even in a child hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large; there were two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about noon, when all would be quiet, I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was exactly high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked; but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved; and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but

* The astonishment of science.—Her medical attendants were Dr. P. Cival, a well-known literary physician, who had been a correspondent of Condorcet, D'Alembert, &c., and Mr. Charles White, a very distinguished surgeon. It was he who pronounced her head to be the finest in its structure and development of any that he had ever seen—an assertion which, to my own knowledge, he repeated in after years, and with enthusiasm.

one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at noonday was showering down torrents of splendour. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

Let me pause for one instant in approaching a remembrance so affecting and revolutionary for my own mind, and one which (if any earthly remembrance) will survive for me in the hour of death,—to remind some readers, and to inform others, that in the original *Opium Confessions* I endeavoured to explain the reason* why death, *ceteris paribus*, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year; so far at least as it is liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season. The reason, as I there suggested, lies in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer and the dark sterilities of the grave. The summer we see, the grave we haunt with our thoughts; the glory is around us, the darkness is within us. And, the two coming into collision, each exalts the other into stronger relief. But in my case there was even a subtler reason why the summer had this intense power of vivifying the spectacle or the thoughts of death. And, recollecting it, often I have been struck with the important truth—that far more of our deepest thoughts and feelings pass to us through perplexed combinations of concrete objects, pass to us as *involutes* (if I may coin that word) in compound experiences incapable of being disentangled, than ever reach us directly, and in their own abstract shapes. It had happened that amongst our nursery collection of books was the Bible illustrated with many pictures. And in long dark evenings, as my three sisters with myself sate by the firelight round the *guard* of our nursery, no book was so much in request amongst us. It ruled us and swayed us as mysteriously as music. One young nurse, whom we all loved, before any candle was lighted, would often strain her eyes to read it for us; and sometimes, according to her simple powers, would endeavour to explain what we found obscure. We, the children, were all constitutionally touched with pensiveness; the fitful gloom and sudden lambencies of the room by firelight, suited our evening state of feelings; and they suited also the divine revelations of power and mysterious beauty which awed us. Above all, the story of a just man,—man and yet not man, real above all things and yet shadowy above all things, who had suffered the passion of death in Palestine, slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters. The nurse knew and explained to us the chief differences in Oriental climates; and all these differences (as it happens) express themselves in the great varieties of summer. The cloudless sunlights of Syria—those seemed to argue everlasting summer; the disciples plucking the ears of corn—that *must* be summer; but, above all, the very name of Palm Sunday, (a festival in the English church,) troubled me like an anthem, “Sunday!” what was that? That was the day of peace which masqued another peace deeper than the heart of man can comprehend. “Palm!”—what were they? That was an equivocal word: palms, in the sense of trophies, expressed the pomps of life: palms, as a product of nature, expressed the pomps of summer. Yet still even this explanation does not suffice: it was not merely by the peace and by the summer, by the deep sound of rest below all rest, and of ascending glory,—that I had been haunted. It was also because Jerusalem stood near to those deep images both in time and in place. The great event of Jerusalem was at hand when Palm Sunday came; and the scene of that Sunday was near in place to Jerusalem. Yet what then was Jerusalem? Did I fancy it to be the *omphalos* (navel) of the earth? That pretension had once been made for Jerusalem, and once for Delphi; and both pretension had become ridiculous, as the figure of the planet became known. Yes; but if not of the earth, for earth’s tenant Jerusalem was the *omphalos* of mortality. Yet how! there on the contrary it was, as we infants understood, that mortality had been trampled under foot. True; but for that very reason there it was that mortality had opened its very gloomiest crater. There it was indeed that the human had risen on wings from the grave; but for that reason there also it was that the divine had been swallowed up by the abyss: the lesser star could not rise, before the greater would submit to eclipse. Summer, therefore, had connected itself with death not merely as a mode of antagonism, but also through intricate relations to Scriptural scenery and events.

(To be Continued.)

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

From the Recollections of the Rifleman Harris.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

At Sahagun we fell in with the army under command of Sir John Moore. I forget how many thousand men there were; but they were lying in and around the town when we arrived. The Rifles marched to an old convent, some two miles from Sahagun, where we were quartered, together with a part of the 15th Hussars, some of the Welsh Fusiliers, and straggling bodies of men belonging to various other regiments; all seeming on the *qui vive*, and expecting the French to fall in with them every hour. As our small and way-worn party came to a halt before the walls of the convent, the men from these different regiments came swarming out to greet us, loudly cheering us as they rushed up and seized our hands. The difference in appearance between ourselves and these new comers was indeed (just then) very great. They looked fresh, from good quarters, and good rations. Their clothes and accoutrements were comparatively fresh and clean, and their cheeks ruddy with the glow of health and strength; whilst our men, on the contrary, were gaunt-looking, way-worn and ragged; our faces burnt almost to the hue of an Asiatic’s by the sun; our accoutrements rent and torn; and many without even shoes to their feet. However, we had some work in us yet; and perhaps were in better condition for it than our more fresh-looking comrades. And now our butchers tucked up their sleeves, and quickly set to work, slaughtering oxen and sheep, which we found within the convent walls; whilst others of our men, lighting fires in the open air upon the snow, commenced cooking the fragments, which were cut up, and distributed to them; so that very soon after our arrival we were more sumptuously regaled than we had been for many days.

After this meal we were ordered into the convent, and, with knapsacks on our backs, and arms in our hands, threw ourselves down to rest upon the floor of a long passage. Overcome with hard toil, and long miles, our wearied men were soon buried in a deep and heavy sleep. In the middle of the night I remember, as well as if the sounds were at this moment in my ear, that my name was called out many times without my being completely awakened by the summons. The repeated call seemed mixed up with some circumstance in my dreams; and it was not until the noise awoke some of the men lying nearer to the entrance of the passage, and they took up the cry, that I was effectually aroused. From weariness, and the weight of my knapsack, and the quantity

of implements I carried, I was at first quite unable to gain my legs; but when I did so, I found that Quarter-master Surtees was the person who was thus disturbing my rest.

“Come, be quick there, Harris!” said he, as I picked my way by the light of the candle he held in his hand; “look amongst the men, and rouse up all the shoemakers you have in the four companies. I have a job for them, which must be done instantly.”

With some little trouble, and not a few curses from them, as I stirred them up with the butt of my rifle, I succeeded in waking several of our snoring handicrafts; and the quartermaster, bidding us instantly follow him, led the way to the very top of the convent stairs. Passing then into a ruinous looking apartment, along which we walked upon the rafters, there being no flooring, he stopped when he arrived at its further extremity. Here he proceeded to call our attention to a quantity of barrels of gunpowder lying beside a large heap of raw bullocks’ hides.

“Now, Harris,” said he, “keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about here. General Crawford orders you instantly to set to work, and sew up every one of these barrels in the hides lying before you. You are to sew the skins with the hair outwards, and be quick about it, for the General swears that if the job is not finished in half an hour he will hang you.”

The latter part of this order was anything but pleasant; and whether the General really gave it, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. I only know that I gave the words as they were given me; and, well knowing the stuff Crawford was made of, I received the candle from the hands of Surtees, and bidding the men get needle and waxed thread from their knapsacks as the quartermaster withdrew, I instantly prepared to set about the job.

I often think of that night’s work as I sit strapping away in my little shop in Richmond Street, Soho. It was a curious scene to look at, and the task neither very easy nor safe. The riflemen were both wearied, unwilling, and out of temper; and it was as much as I could do to get them to assist me. Moreover, they were so reckless, that they seemed rather to wish to blow the convent into the air than get on with their work. One moment the candle was dropped, and nearly extinguished; the next they lost their implements between the rafters of the floor, flaring the light about amongst the barrels; and, wishing, as I remonstrated with them, that the powder might ignite, and blow me, themselves, and the General, to hell. Such were the riflemen of the Peninsular war,—daring, gallant, reckless fellows. I had a hard task to get the work safely finished; but, at length, between coaxing and bullying these dare-devils, I managed to do so, and together we returned down the convent stairs; and, finding Surtees awaiting us in the passage below, he reported to General Crawford that his order had been obeyed. After which we were permitted again to lie down, and sleep till the bugle awoke us next morning.

We remained in the convent part of the next day, and towards evening received orders to leave all our women and baggage behind, and advance towards the enemy. Our four companies accordingly were quickly upon the move, and before long we came up with the remainder of the rifle corps, which had recently arrived from England with Sir John Moore. As these men saw us coming up they halted for the moment, and gave us one hearty cheer, allowing our four companies to pass to the front, as the post of honour, calling us “The heroes of Portugal.” As we passed to the front, we returned their cheer with pride. Our worn appearance and sun-burnt look gave us the advantage over our comrades, we thought, and we marched in the van of the vanguard.

War is a sad blunter of the feelings of men. We felt eager to be at it again. Nay, I am afraid we longed for blood as the cheer of our comrades sounded in our ears; and yet, amidst all this, softer feelings occasionally filled the breasts of those gallant fellows, even whilst they were thirsting for a sight of the enemy. Some of the men near me suddenly recollected, as they saw the snow lying thickly in our path, that this was Christmas eve. The recollection soon spread amongst the men; and many talked of home, and scenes upon that night in other days, in Old England, shedding tears as they spoke of the relatives and friends never to be seen by them again.

As the night approached we became less talkative. The increasing weariness of our limbs kept our tongues quieter, and we were many of us half asleep as we walked, when suddenly a shout arose in front that the French were upon us. In an instant every man was on the alert, and rushing forward in extended order to oppose them. It proved a false alarm; but it nearly cost me a broken bone, or two. The honourable Captain Pakenham (now Sir Hercules Pakenham), on the first sound of the enemy being in sight, made a dash to get to the front, at the same moment I myself was scrambling up a bank on the roadside. In the darkness and hurry, the mule the captain was mounted on bore me to the ground, and getting his fore-feet fast fixed somehow between my neck and my pack, we were fairly hampered for some moments. The captain swore, the mule floundered, and I bellowed with alarm lest the animal should dig his feet into my back, and quite disable me. At length, however, the captain succeeded in getting clear, and spurred over the bank, as I rolled back into the road. It might be somewhere about two o’clock in the morning that our advance into Spain was, for that time, checked, and the retreat to Corunna might be said to commence. General Crawford was in command of the brigade, and riding in front, when I observed a dragon come spurring furiously along the road to meet us. He delivered a letter to the General, who turned round in his saddle the moment he had read a few lines, and thundered out the word “to halt!” A few minutes more, and we were all turned to the right-about, and retracing our steps of the night before;—the contents of that epistle serving to furnish our men with many a surmise during the retrograde movement. When we again neared Sahagun, I remember seeing the wives and children of the men come running out to meet us, rushing into the ranks, and embracing the husbands and fathers they expected never to see again.

The entire Rifle corps entered the same convent we had before been quartered in; but this time, we remained enranked in its apartments and passages, no man being allowed to quit his arms or lie down. We stood leaning upon the muzzles of our rifles, and dozed as we stood. After remaining thus for about an hour, we were then ordered out of the convent, and the word was again given to march. There was a sort of thaw on this day, and the rain fell fast. As we passed the walls of the convent, I observed our General (Crawford) as he sat upon his horse, looking at us on the march, and remarked the peculiar serenity of his features: he did not like to see us going rearwards at all, and many of us judged there must be something wrong, by his severe look and scowling eye.

“Keep your ranks there, men!” he said, spurring his horse towards some riflemen who were avoiding a small rivulet; “keep your ranks, and move on,—no straggling from the main body.”

We pushed on all that day without halting; and I recollect the first thing that struck us as somewhat odd, was our passing one of the commissariat wag-

* Some readers will question the fact, and seek no reason. But did they ever suffer grief at any season of the year?

gons, overturned and stuck fast in the mud, and which was abandoned without an effort to save any of its contents. A serjeant of the 92nd Highlanders, just about this time, fell dead with fatigue, and no one stopped, as we passed, to offer him any assistance. Night came down upon us, without our having tasted food or halted—I speak for myself, and those around me—and all night long we continued this dreadful march. Men began to look into each other's faces, and ask the question "Are we ever to be halted again?" and many of the weaker sort were seen to stagger, make a few desperate efforts, and then fall, perhaps to rise no more. Most of us had devoured all we carried in our haversacks, and endeavoured to catch up anything we could snatch from a hut or cottage in our route. Many would have, even at this period, straggled from the ranks, and perished, had not Crawford held them together with a firm rein. One such bold and stern commander in the East, during a recent disaster, and that devoted army had reached its refuge unbroken! Thus we staggered on, night and day, for about four days, before we discovered the reason of this continued forced march. The discovery was made to our company by a good tempered, jolly fellow, named Patrick McLauchlan. He inquired of an officer marching directly in his front the destination intended.

"Musther Hills," I heard him say, "where is this you're taking us to—to England?"

"McLauchlan," returned the officer, with a melancholy smile upon his face, as he gave the answer,—"if we can get there."

"More luck and grace to you," said McLauchlan; "and it's that you're maning, is it?"

This McLauchlan was a good specimen of a thorough Irish soldier. Nothing could disturb his good-humour and high spirits; and even during a part of this dreadful march, he had ever some piece of Irish humour upon his tongue's end while he staggered under the weight of his pack. He would in all probability have been amongst the few who did reach England; but, during the march, he was attacked with the racking pains of rheumatism, and frequently fell to the ground screaming with agony. On these occasions, his companions would do that for him which they omitted to perform towards others. They many times halted, heaved him up, and assisted him forwards. Sir Dudley Hill, too, was greatly interested for McLauchlan, trying to cheer him on, whilst the men could scarcely refrain from laughter at the extraordinary things he gave utterance to whilst racked with pain, and staggering with fatigue. At length, however, McLauchlan fell one dark night, as we hurried through the streets of a village, and we could not again raise him.

"It's no use, Harris," I heard him say, in a faint voice, "I can do no more." Next morning, when day broke, he was no longer seen in the ranks, and as I never saw him again, I conclude he quickly perished.

The information McLauchlan obtained from Lieutenant Hill quickly spread amongst us, and we now began to see more clearly the horrors of our situation, and the men to murmur at not being permitted to turn and stand at bay,—cursing the French, and swearing they would rather die ten thousand deaths, with their rifles in their hands in opposition, than endure the present toil. We were in the rear at this time, and following that part of the army which made for Vigo, whilst the other portion of the British, being on the main road to Corunna, were at this moment closely pursued and harassed by the enemy, as I should judge from the continued thunder of their cannon and rattle of the musketry. Crawford seemed to sniff the sound of battle from afar with peculiar feelings. He halted us for a few minutes occasionally, when the distant clamour became more distinct, and his face turned towards the sound, and seemed to light up, and become less stern. It was then indeed that every poor fellow clutched his weapon more firmly, and wished for a sight of the enemy.

Before long, they had their wish: the enemy's cavalry were on our skirts that night; and as we rushed out of a small village, the name of which I cannot now recollect, we turned to bay. Behind broken-down carts and tumbrils, huge trunks of trees, and everything we could scrape together, the Rifles lay and blazed away at the advancing cavalry, whilst the inhabitants, suddenly aroused from their beds to behold their village almost on fire with our continued discharges, and nearly distracted with the sound, ran from their houses, crying "Viva l'Anglais!" and "Viva la France!" in a breath;—men, women, and children flying to the open country, in their alarm.

We passed the night thus engaged, holding our own as well as we could, together with the 43d Light Infantry, the 52d, a portion of the German Legion, part of the 10th Hussars, and the 15th Dragoons. Towards morning we moved down towards a small bridge, still followed by the enemy, whom, however, we had sharply galled, and obliged to be more wary in their efforts. The rain was pouring down in torrents on this morning I recollect, and we remained many hours with arms ported, standing in this manner, and staring the French cavalry in the face, the water actually pouring out of the muzzles of our rifles. I do not recollect seeing a single regiment of infantry amongst the French force on this day; it seemed to me a tremendous body of cavalry—some said nine or ten thousand strong—commanded, as I heard, by General Lefebvre.

Whilst we stood thus face to face, I remember the horsemen of the enemy sat watching us very intently, as if waiting for a favourable moment to dash upon us like beasts of prey; and every now and then, their trumpets would ring out a lively strain of music, as if to encourage them. As the night drew on, our cavalry moved a little to the front, together with some field-pieces, and succeeded in crossing the bridge; after which we also advanced, and threw ourselves into some hilly ground on either side the road; whilst the 43d and 52d lay behind some carts, trunks of trees, and other materials with which they had formed a barrier.

General Crawford was standing behind this barricade, when he ordered the rifles to push still further in front, and conceal themselves amongst the hills on either side. A man named Higgins was my front-rank man at this moment. "Harris," said he, "let you and I gain the very top of the mountain, and look out what those French thieves are at, on the other side."

My feet were sore and bleeding, and the sinews of my legs ached as if they would burst, but I resolved to accompany him. In our wearied state, the task was not easy, but, by the aid of Higgins, a tall and powerful fellow, I managed to reach the top of the mountain, where we placed ourselves in a sort of gully, or ditch, and looked over to the enemy's side, concealing ourselves by lying flat in the ditch, as we did so. Thus, in favourable situations, like cats watching for their prey, were the rest of the rifles lying perdue upon the hills that night. The mountain, we found, was neither so steep nor so precipitous on the enemy's side. The ascent, on the contrary, was so easy, that one or two of the videttes of the French cavalry were prowling about very near where we lay. As we had received orders not to make more noise than we could help, not even to speak to each other, except in whispers, although one of these horsemen approached close to where I lay, I forbore to fire upon him. At length he stopped so near me, that I saw it was almost impossible he could

avoid discovering that the rifles were in such close proximity to his person. He gazed cautiously along the ridge, took off his helmet, and wiped his face, as he appeared to meditate upon the propriety of crossing the ditch in which we lay. When suddenly our eyes met, and in an instant he plucked a pistol from his holster, fired it in my face, and wheeling his horse, plunged down the hill side. For the moment I thought I was hit, as the ball grazed my neck. (this ball I found in one of my shirts, and kept it long afterwards), and stuck fast in my knapsack, where I found it, when, many days afterwards, I unpacked my kit on ship-board. About a quarter of an hour after this, as we still lay in the gully, I heard some person clambering up behind us, and, upon turning quickly round, I found it was General Crawford. The General was wrapped in his great-coat, and, like ourselves, had been for many hours drenched to the skin, for the rain was coming down furiously. He carried in his hand a canteen full of rum, and a small cup, with which he was occasionally endeavouring to refresh some of the men. He offered me a drink, as he passed, and then proceeded onwards along the ridge. After he had emptied his canteen, he came past us again, and himself gave us instructions as to our future proceedings.

"When all is ready, riflemen," said he, "you will immediately get the word, and pass over the bridge. Be careful, and mind what you are about."

Accordingly, a short time after he had left us, we were ordered to descend the mountain side in single file, gained the road, and were quickly upon the bridge. Meanwhile the Staff Corps had been hard at work mining the very centre of the structure, which was filled with gunpowder. A narrow plank being all the aid we had by which to pass over. For my own part, I was now so utterly helpless, that I felt as if all was nearly up with me, and that, if I could steady myself so as to reach the further end of the plank, it would be all I should be able to accomplish. However, we managed all of us to reach the other side in safety, when almost immediately afterwards the bridge blew up with a tremendous report, and a house at its extremity burst into flames. What with the concussion of the explosion, and the tremulous state of my limbs, I was thrown to the ground, and lay flat upon my face for some time, almost in a state of insensibility. After awhile I somewhat recovered; but it was not without extreme difficulty, and many times falling again, that I succeeded in regaining the column. Soon after I had done so, we reached Benevento, and immediately took refuge in a convent. Already three parts of it were filled with other troops, amongst which were mingled the 10th Hussars, the German Legion, and the 15th Dragoons; the horses of these regiments standing as close as they could stand, with the men dismounted between each horse, the animals' heads to the walls of the building, and all in readiness to turn out on the instant. Liquor was handed to us by the dragoons, but having had nothing for some time to eat, many of our men became sick, instead of it doing us any good.

Before we had been within the convent as long a time as I have been describing our arrival, every man of us was down on the floor, and well nigh asleep; and before we had slept half an hour, we were again aroused from our slumbers by the clatter of the horses, the clash of the men's sabres, and their shouts for us to clear the way.

"The enemy! The enemy!" I heard shouted out. "Clear the way, rifles! Up, boys, and clear the way!"

In short, the dragoons hardly gave us time to rise, before they were leading their horses amongst us, and getting out of the convent as fast as they could scamper, whilst we ourselves were not long in following their example. As we did so, we found that the French cavalry, having found the bridge blown up, had dashed into the stream, and succeeded in crossing. Our cavalry, however, quickly formed, and charged them in gallant style.

The shock of that encounter was tremendous to look upon, and we stood for some time enraptured, watching the combatants. The horsemen had it all to themselves; our dragoons fought like tigers, [it was said that Napoleon observed this encounter from the heights,] and although greatly overmatched, drove the enemy back like a torrent, and forced them again into the river. A private of the 10th Hussars—his name, I think, was Franklin—dashed into the stream after their General (Lefebvre), assailed him, sword in hand, in the water, captured, and brought him a prisoner on shore again. If I remember rightly, Franklin, or whatever else his name was, was made a serjeant on the spot. The French general was delivered into our custody on that occasion, and we cheered the 10th men heartily as we received him.

After the enemy had received this check from our cavalry, and which considerably damped their ardour, making them a trifle more shy of us for awhile, we pushed onwards on our painful march. I remember marching close beside the French general during some part of this day, and observing his chop-fallen and dejected look as he rode along in the midst of the green jackets.

Being constantly in rear of the main body, the scenes of distress and misery I witnessed were dreadful to contemplate, particularly amongst the women and children, who were lagging and falling behind their husbands and fathers in the main body in our front. We now came to the edge of a deep ravine, the descent so steep and precipitous, that it was impossible to keep our feet, in getting down, and we were obliged to sit sometimes, and slide along on our backs; whilst before us, arose a ridge of mountains quite as steep and difficult of ascent. There was, however, no pause in our exertion, but slinging our rifles round our necks, down the hill we went; whilst mules with the baggage on their backs, wearied and urged beyond their strength, were seen rolling from top to bottom; many of them breaking their necks with the fall, and the baggage crushed, smashed, and abandoned.

I remember, as I descended this hill, remarking the extraordinary sight afforded by the thousands of our red-coats, who were creeping like snails, and toiling up the ascent before us, their muskets slung round their necks, and clambering with both hands as they hauled themselves up. As soon as we ourselves had gained the ascent we were halted for a few minutes, in order to give us breath for another effort, and then onwards we moved again.

It is impossible for me to keep any account of time in this description, as I never exactly knew how many days and nights we marched; but I well know we kept on night and day for many successive days and nights, without rest, or much in the way of food. The long day found us still pushing on, and the night caused us no halt.

After leaving the hills I have mentioned, and which I heard at the time were called the Mountains of Galicia, as we passed through a village, our Major resolved to try and get us something in the shape of a better meal than we had been able hitherto to procure. He accordingly despatched a small party, who were somewhat more fresh than their comrades, to try and procure something from the houses around; and they accordingly purchased, shot, and bayoneted somewhere about a score of pigs, which we lugged along with us to a convent just without the town; and, halting for a short time, proceeded to cook them. The men, however, were too hungry to wait whilst they were being properly dressed and served out.

After this hasty meal, we again pushed on, still cursing the enemy for not again showing themselves, that we might revenge some of our present miseries upon their heads.

"Why don't they come on like men," they cried, "whilst we've any strength left in us to fight them!"

We were now upon the mountains; the night was bitter cold, and the snow falling fast. As day broke, I remember hearing Lieutenant Hill say to another officer (who, by the way, afterwards sank down, and died.)

"This is New Year's Day; and, I think, if we live to see another, we shall not easily forget it."

The mountains were now becoming more wild looking and steep, as we proceeded; whilst those few huts we occasionally passed seemed so utterly forlorn and wretched-looking, it appeared quite a wonder how human beings could live in so desolate a home. After the snow commenced, the hills became so slippery (being in many parts covered with ice), that many of our men frequently slipped and fell, and being unable to arise, gave themselves up to despair, and died. There was now no endeavour to assist one another after a fall; it was every one for himself, and God for us all!

The enemy, I should think, were at this time frequently close upon our trail; and I thought at times I heard their trumpets come down the wind as we marched. Towards the dusk of the evening of this day I remember passing a man and woman lying clasped in each other's arms, and dying in the snow. I knew them both; but it was impossible to help them. They belonged to the rifles, and were man and wife. The man's name was Joseph Sitdown. During this retreat, as he had not been in good health previously, himself and wife had been allowed to get on in the best way they could in the front. They had, however, now given in, and the last we ever saw of poor Sitdown and his wife was on that night, lying perishing in each other's arms in the snow.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE PRINCE.

De Mortagne's conference with the Archbishop of Narbonne, to whom he was duly accredited by the Signor Barbarini, was of a more stirring interest than he had anticipated. He found the prelate in a state of much excitement, at a late hour in the night, alone, pacing with disordered steps in his luxurious library.

To understand the cause of his mental disquiet, his relations with the French court, as well as with the pretender to the throne of England, should be taken into account. From the one he derived consideration in the societies of Paris; from or through the other he hoped to attain a still higher ecclesiastical distinction than any the French monarch was likely to procure him. The divided allegiance thus contracted came attended with no slight inconvenience. The cause of the Stuart family had lost favour at the court of France. The representations made by the emissary De Burgh had effected its ruin. He described the state of Ireland as that of a country ripe for revolt from British authority; but affirmed that the house of Hanover was scarcely less odious in the judgment of the people than that of the exiled family. If there were to be an invasion, it should be one, he said, having objects and interests distinct from those of the Stuarts. If that family had any partisans in Ireland, they were, with very few exceptions, such only as the ecclesiastics, their nominees, were able, by unremitting efforts, to keep together; and he intimated with much plainness, that even the ecclesiastics themselves were beginning to become cold as hope deserted them.

De Burgh prudently left it to the high personages whom he addressed to consider for themselves how the relations of European policy affected their deliberations. He confined himself to the state of Ireland, and showed that there it was impolitic to lift the flag or the name of a family for whom Ireland cherished no feeling of respect or devotion. His representations prevailed. It was determined that the Stuart cause should have little countenance—and while the friends and partisans of that house were labouring with zeal in a cause that had become their own, the court of France had abandoned it.

Such a state of things will sufficiently explain the disquiet of the Archbishop of Narbonne at this period of our story.

"Welcome, most welcome, good friend," said he, as the viscount entered; "never was archbishop, bishop, or priest in more discomfort; I am in dire extremity, in profundis!"

"My dear lord, I am wholly incapable of comprehending your agitation or imagining a cause for it."

The archbishop walked up to him, looked steadily in his face for a moment without speaking, then whispered, "The Prince!"

"The Prince? What of him?"

"I expect his royal highness here this night."

"You astound me—the thing is impossible. What can have induced your grace to form such an idea?"

"Read this, and say whose writing it is. I found it on my table this evening, and could learn no more than that a person whose face was concealed, delivered it at the gate with directions that I should see it immediately on my return home. Read it."

De Mortagne read—

"One who has fought and suffered for the church, sends to the Archbishop of Narbonne this brief notice of a visit. Circumstances render a more ceremonious notice impossible—nor is a longer notice necessary to ensure all that is looked for—a pastor's blessing and advice—a soldier's entertainment."

"Well," said the archbishop, "can you doubt the hand—are my fears unreasonable?"

"It certainly is like—in every respect like—but still the probabilities are against you. Not to reckon up so many others, look here. Here is a letter to which much importance seems ascribed. It contains the opinion of a professor of Louvain, of most extensive knowledge of the subject he writes on. A doctor of the Sorbonne, well known to your grace, was commissioned to procure his opinion. It was then forwarded to the Cardinal Protector of Ireland, and has been finally transmitted to me, by the king's confessor, for my judgment, and with instructions that I should also procure the judgment of your grace. While the court is proceeding so cautiously, and, I would add, prudently, it is difficult to think that the prince should decide upon any thing so hazardous as appearing here, until he had ascertained that the irrevocable step was likely to be taken."

"Monsieur le Vicomte, you forget to make due allowance for the disturbing effects of filial piety. You reason as if his royal highness were a party to these prudent consultations, while the truth is, he has so much respect and consideration for the king, as to spare him the annoyance of his own irregularities.

The prince carefully shuns the place where his royal father resides. He has been, for I have accurate knowledge of his movements and sojournings, at Avignon, at Lyons, ay, at Fontainebleau; disguised, no doubt;—but what my agents have penetrated, others may. He is at this moment in Paris. Indeed so strongly am I impressed with the expectation or fear of his coming, that I must entreat you to—listen. What do you say now? Is that his step?"

They listened but for a moment; in another instant the door was opened—a head appeared—and, after pronouncing the words, "My lord archbishop—General Stuart"—was withdrawn, to appear again, as Charles Edward entered with that air of frankness and unconscious dignity which was characteristic of him, and which often disarmed enmity by the charm of seeming never to apprehend it.

"Archbishop of Narbonne, and Monsieur le Vicomte de Mortagne," said he, as the two approached to offer their respectful salutations, "I accept it as a happy augury to find you met together. Two friends more attached to my father's person and interest I could not meet—none for myself could I have more desired to meet."

"Ever may we be found faithful, sir," said the archbishop. "I pray you pardon my unreadiness to receive your royal highness with the honours I should have been proud to offer. It was not undutifulness."

"Not a word on that subject, my good friend; I availed myself, as in old times, of the secret spring, and was happy to find your hospitable gate still obedient to it. Unless it were unavoidable I would not have summoned an attendant. Is not this a little like prudence? and—another prudence, for which I expect my reward; since I left Fontainebleau I have not eaten."

"My dear prince. Alas! alas! for the times. There is a poor collation prepared. Will it please you to refresh yourself. My friend and I will, to our best abilities, wait on you."

The archbishop had rung a bell when the prince entered, and had been satisfied, by a sign which he understood, that a repast was prepared in an adjoining chamber, and that no servant remained in attendance. The prelate's household had, indeed, been disciplined to such observances, and the precaution passed as a mere matter of course.

"Nay, nay!" said the prince, as the archbishop and de Mortagne conducted him, retiring with their faces towards him, into an adjoining room, "no such ceremonies now. We shall enact such things if better days come, for the entertainment of the crowd. Charles Edward and his faithful friends will ever be, I trust, as we shall be now. The loyalty of a true gentleman is the living soul that gives ceremony worth; wherever it has been proved, ceremony is better dispensed with. Sit, dear friends. The good cheer of my excellent prelate is worthy of the best honour we can offer it. Why, archbishop, if my cousin Louis were to be of the party, you need not have made more elaborate preparation."

"Your royal highness is so condescending. The best that a short time admitted I have done. The first thing to be thought of, when a much honoured guest arrives or is expected, is to prepare for his rest and refreshment. So the Holy Scriptures themselves inform us, and indeed the father, or prince, as we may call him, of what is best in Heathen poetry, is, in this, but a copyist or commentator on the sacred. Homer's heroes always pay a visit to the kitchen, or send orders there, when friends are coming."

"Another of Homer's good rules, my lord archbishop, is never to speak of business until the desire of eating at least has been satisfied. I am not in the humour to violate so good a rule;—so gentlemen I shall only say, here is Charles Edward, ready, like the barbarian general of old, to fling his sword into the scale where our noble enterprise is in the balance, and to follow it with his life. Come, gentlemen, you will both pledge me. The king—father though he be to a graceless son—the king shall have his own again."

A short time passed over gaily. Topics of the day were the subjects of their conversation. The court—the theatre—the personages of transitory celebrity were passed in rapid review, and suggested observations replete with good sense, or poignant with wit, as each, in its turn, was dismissed. The prince recounted agreeable incidents of his travels, listened to recitals of the comments passed in the salons and public places of Paris on his person and his cause, and seemed at least equally with his companions, devoted to the cheerfulness of the moment. Singular power of the human mind! three beings engaged in an enterprise of much moment and peril—in the very crisis of it—can apparently dismiss every serious thought, and assume the spirit and temper of men who have no care, but of embellishing the hours as they pass with the graces of wit and pleasure.

The disengagement implied in such an effort could not be sustained long. It was evident soon that each had his secret, which would not consent to remain neglected. The gaiety became interrupted—wit sparkled less brilliantly—seriousness showed itself upon lately unclouded brows; there were silences.

"Come, gentlemen," said Charles Edward, "poetry gives precedent for no further mirth. With your permission we will to business."

"Here is a letter, sir, with which the archbishop was occupied when your royal highness entered. Is it your pleasure to read it?"

De Mortagne explained the purpose for which it had been sent. Charles Edward took the letter and commenced the perusal of it.

"You may observe, sir, that the only passage of importance is in the fourth page. It contains the opinion which we would submit to your royal highness, as to the expediency of an immediate descent on Ireland."

"Pardon me, I will read the whole. The non-essential parts of the letter may assist me in assigning a value to the more important."

The patience of the prince can be judged of only by those who imitate him in perusing the letter which was as follows:—

"Louvain, College of Pope Adrian VI.,

"Feast of the Conception of the Holy Virgin.

"Esteemed and worthy Friend—If I have incurred the blame of dilatoriness by the lapse of time, measuring not less than nine days, which has intervened since your epistolary greeting reached me, I may say, with all sincerity, that I have not been a wilful offender. *Inimicus hoc fecit*, not as Holy Scripture sayeth, *Inimicus homo*, the inimical man, but an enemy more ireful and inclement than even adverse man—my unforgiving gout. Alas! my friend, even in these sharp visitations, God admonishes the faithful and offers instruction to the unbeliever. There will be a purgatory for the carnal delectations of this life. Who can doubt that there may be chastening torments hereafter, when they are found to be sent to us here?"

"It may be prejudice, archbishop," said the prince, "but I cannot feel the force of the worthy father's reasoning. There is not much to console a gouty man in the thought that his present sufferings contain the promise of worse; and as to the chastening effects of pain, I confess, what I have seen of gout, would lead me to an opposite conclusion from our pious friend. Gout is cer-

tainly no sweetener of the temper. I do not see why purgatory should prove more efficacious."

The archbishop smiled—but whether indulgently to the sally of the prince, or in approbation of his argument, would be hard to determine. De Mortagne's shrug was more unequivocal. The prince proceeded—

"Let me be indulged, good friend, in this moral reflection, and pardoned for my tardiness. Ascribe it to the infirmity of my members—acquit my heart of being voluntarily culpable."

"Certainly, good father, you have borne your pains meekly," said the prince.

"I grieve to inform you that the spirit of Jansenism has not been cast out from the hearts of all." "Jansenism—what has that to do with the subject," muttered the reader, impatiently—"even within our academic retirements. It is the spirit of this evil which I condemn, reject, and anathematise; towards its erroneous opinions I could be more merciful. I would implore pardon and compassion for a false doctrine, even while shuddering at the heaven of Calvin within it, but for a rejection of the bull issued by our holy father, revered by the Catholic church, there can be no mercy. No; Jansenism is now open heresy, the pestilence that walketh in the noon day. Its essence is license of private judgment—it is the spirit of revolt, moving over the face of order, to convulse it into chaos again. Anathema, maranatha."

The prince lifted his head impatiently—De Mortagne anticipated him. "Your royal highness will please to remember that you were warned. The opinion of the writer is given in the fourth page. It was your pleasure to read the irrelevant matter preceding it." "True," said the prince, "I can accuse only myself. I shall go through with my labour."

"The friends respecting whom you have interrogated me here, are, I firmly trust, sound in the faith. One was recently admitted a licentiate in our university. Would that the proud, and the sordid, and those scorners who, I am informed, have begun to arrogate to themselves the name of philosophers, (and in Heathen times philosophy was good, because it was better than false religion,) were influenced to meditate on the ceremonies with which our honours are conferred, or even to observe them. Heathens could discourse upon the ameliorating influence of letters, and become eloquent upon the benignity with which they made all men brothers. All this was imagination and fantasy in those dark days. It is in the Catholic religion alone letters have power to promote so felicitous results. In the Catholic religion alone they obliterate national distinctions and redress inequality of condition. A few years only have elapsed since Eugene O'H. sought a temporary home in our university. Not to be severe, I may aver, and you know yourself, he was not a man, *factus ad unguem*. He was deficient in the humanities—but imperfectly learned—and in outward aspect and manner somewhat uncouth. How changed did he appear yesterday, when he walked forth from our theatre, a licentiate, entitled to take rank with men of gentle blood, and qualified, by his acquirements, to maintain the post in which Christian literature had placed him. Verily, there was a gravity not undignified in his air while Flanders rung her joy-bells, and commanded her trumpets to sound, proclaiming the honors she had conferred on the native of a country, of which, if religion had not created the intercourse of Catholic communion, she could have little or rather no knowledge. Here is a triumph of Christian unity, well worth defending against Jansenism and every other species of self-will, which may boastfully call itself philosophy, or may most falsely denominate itself religion."

"Pray, archbishop," said the prince, was this eulogy on the Catholic religion designed to instruct the king, or is the worthy scribe merely indulging his love of essay-writing?"

"Your royal highness is, I believe, about to come at the pith of the matter," said the archbishop. "If I understand the venerable professor right, his design is to give the letter, as far as he can, the character of an epistle on an ordinary subject. You may remember in how many instances the cipher adopted to serve the royal cause has been discovered. The learned professor thought that he was guarding best against detection, in the event of his letter being seized, by accompanying the important part with all this extraneous matter—the old Roman device, to ensure the safety of the ancile—he is to be pardoned sir, for being a little too garrulous in praise of what is very dear to him."

The prince bowed and read on.

"As touching the question you have propounded to me, upon which I have meditated with penance and prayer, weak as my judgment is, I give you the answer which I firmly believe my guardian angel has given unto me—the time is not yet. There must be a costly suit at law sustained, and crowned with success, before the estates are won back. Money must be provided, sufficient evidence must be procured. Both may be found on the estates themselves; but to gain and apply them, demands caution and time. There are many retainers, from of old, on the land, who would befriend their master's son; and there are some followers of the intruder, who would kill him, because 'he is the heir.' As these would do to the son, so do they towards his faithful adherents, who have not yet learned fully the wisdom, and become possessed with the boldness, necessary to maintain a cause, which is in one respect, perhaps primarily, their master's; but indubitably, and perhaps not secondarily, their own also. If I might dare to counsel your excellent friend, I would advise delay. Postponement has not always the vice of procrastination. The retainers, upon whose good will and resources he is much depending, are not neglected. They will soon learn to withhold from the intrusive landlord the revenues which justice would refuse him; they will consult together how to maintain the true landlord's rights, and to support each other. This most desirable process has commenced; to engage prematurely in a lawsuit would disturb it. For the present, it is much more advisable to encourage the tenantry in their good dispositions; to promote their plans for combining with each other; to provide funds, and procure evidence. When this beneficial process has arrived at its completion, your friend may claim his rights with a good prospect of success."

"These observations I have yielded to your earnest entreaties, all unaccustomed, as I am, to affairs of a secular nature. I have taken the liberty, at the same time, to offer for your acceptance some volumes lately imprinted here, among which you will find an edifying history of the miracles of the holy sacrament. I have also forwarded a case, containing a few dozen bottles of strong waters, portion of a larger quantity sent by a considerate Christian, for my stomach's sake. Very gladly would I have you a participator in all my blessings, and most earnestly I supplicate a good God, that your guardian angel may ever have you in his charge, and protect you from all adversities—especially from the evils of Jansenism and philosophy—Thus prays your friend and brother in the faith,

"CHRISTOPHER DAVERIN."

"Cold counsel, gentlemen," said the prince, as he laid down the letter, "may I hope that your opinions are less tainted with timidity."

"My gracious prince," said the archbishop, deprecatingly, "the caution of my reverend friend, I humbly entreat you to believe, does not merit so severe a censure. He is cautious. He has become so from calamitous experience, but he has very extensive knowledge, and a heart of unswerving loyalty to your royal house."

"Loyalty! loyalty! what is that? Is it a principle that neither hazards nor suffers? a principle that satisfies itself, when it has dictated learned discourses, or made florid professions, or killed the spirit of enterprise by its freezing counsels? Is this, my lord archbishop, loyalty? It may be. It is the loyalty that kneels in cathedral cloisters, or slumbers in a professor's chair. My lord, when a lost throne is to be won, and a houseless monarch is to be restored to the palace of his ancestors, loyalty should be in the field."

"I do not wonder at your royal highness's heat, but I shall wonder much," said the archbishop, "if it make you what I never knew you to be after reflection, unjust. Deign to give my friend's suggestion a little thought. I answer for him—his zeal is of the sterling quality that never tires. Will you endure me, while I confess that his sentiments of caution are mine. They are sentiments which spring out of a true and lively affection for you. Yes, my prince, although my profession is not military, my mind is not wholly estranged from things of military concern; and I can remember, that even in my boyish days, Fabius Cunctator was an object of my fervent admiration. Had his advice been followed, the fatal day of Bannæ would not have clouded the fortunes of Rome."

"And, my lord archbishop, had his advice been followed, the enterprise of Scipio Africanus would not have restored them."

"Could your royal highness command an army and supplies like those of the Roman general, you should not hear a dissuasive from me; but, alas! sir, Ireland is not prepared to give the support which your small forces would render indispensable. A rash effort would only disturb the processes through which the country is becoming ready. Oh, dear prince, reflect upon the last enterprise, and do not rush into another, until all that prudence can do, has been done to provide for its success."

"If I do reflect upon that enterprise, disastrous as it was, what but hope can I derive from the reflection? Without an army, or the supplies for an army, I land in Scotland; I land with nothing but the name of Stewart, and a rightful cause, to strengthen me. With what success, with what result, my lord archbishop? You ask me to reflect—is the thought ever absent from me? No; not the most passionate dissipations of this abode of human pleasures, could ever long detain me from it. Loyalty, my lord archbishop, wore a more gallant bearing in Scotland than in your universities. It was sparing of counsels, it was prodigal of life and lands. I see, even now, the noble and true—their gathering clans. These were sights that would stir your heart with new sensations, and show loyalty in its noblest forms. I tell you, my lord, you never saw ocean agitated before the sweep of a mighty wind, more deeply, more passionately, than Scotland was moved through all her gallant people at the spell of the sovereign's name. Scotland was won—it was ours. Tower and town—glen, and heath, and mountain—all was for the king. England was in our power—the throne was undefended before us. Why was it not won? Because the loyalty that delights in giving counsel, prevailed over the loyalty that unsheaths the sword, and cries God defend the right. Thus were we defeated. Let me find in Ireland the same true zeal that burned among the king's Scottish subjects—the zeal that burns highest in the hour of danger—I ask no more—the recollections of our late enterprise teach me that I need no more to repair and to avenge its worst disasters."

"Oh, sir, this fine spirit will be in its proper place when prudence has first made all the due preparations. How many a precious life has been cast away! How many a gallant champion of your illustrious house has been lost to the cause he would have died to serve, would have rejoiced to serve by dying for it, and which his death has only harmed. Gracious prince, among the noble names that can never be forgotten, when the faithful and brave, are remembered—have you heard of the tragical histories in which some are commemorated!—Have you seen the notices in their London journals?"

The archbishop arose as if to seek one of the papers to which he alluded. The effect of the movement on the young prince was one for which the prelate was altogether unprepared. Living himself in opulence and security, a life no otherwise diversified than by the incidents of luxurious society, and untroubled, except by little ambitions, which stirred the depths of no strong passion; formed, too, by the prevailing selfishness of the times, in habits which rendered it very easy to endure the misfortunes of others, when they did not move the heart by an immediate appeal to the senses, he was unprepared for the effect his allusion was likely to produce on a spirit like that of Charles Edward. The prince had seen recitals of the execution of some of his faithful adherents in Scotland and London. These stories had a shocking fascination for him; and when reminded of them, he was, as it were, transported into the actual presence of ghastly scenes, where he beheld, with a vivacity keener than the senses, the victims, whom loyalty to his house led to the scaffold. When the archbishop arose, he wished to detain him, but was unable to give utterance to a sound. The archbishop, arrested by the energy with which he threw out his arm in a gesture of command, and by the pallor of his countenance, rendered more fearful by the wild glare of his eyes, stood fixed, gazing upon him with looks of unfeigned amazement and interest. At length the prince started from his chair and recovered the power of speech.

"Nay, good father, spare me, spare me this agony. God knows, and ye, too, glorious martyrs, ye know if Charles Stuart has not felt the bitterness of death in your sufferings."

For some time he paced the room in a paroxysm of grief so manifest and so commanding, that not a word was spoken by either of those who witnessed his distress. During this pause he filed mechanically, as it were, a goblet with wine; but in the moment when he was about to drink, laid it down untasted, and turned from it with a shudder. At length he approached the archbishop.

"It is over," said he; "let us return to the subject I have reason left to speak on. What is the state of preparations in Ireland, and what prospects are there that render it advisable to remain inactive for some time longer?"

"The main object to be attained, sir, is, that the loyal in Ireland shall be habituated to know and depend on each other, and be made familiar with the use of military weapons. Not much less than half a million of soldiers can be raised for your service; but, as yet, it would not be practicable to bring ten thousand armed and moderately disciplined into the field. If your royal highness approves, Monsieur de Mortagne will lay before you details on which you can form your own judgment."

De Mortagne bowed, and the prince having signified assent, read the following:—

"REPORT."

"The state of Ireland at this moment is one, perhaps, unparalleled in the

history of nations. The population consist of three millions, of whom five hundred thousand are said to be Protestants. These latter have sworn allegiance to the house of Hanover. The remainder withhold their allegiance and refuse to be sworn.

"This large population is oppressed by a code of laws severe enough to irritate and inflame them; but not, especially as they are exercised, sufficiently burdensome to break down their spirits or compel them to renounce their principles."

"My lord archbishop," said the prince, interrupting the reader, "you were wiser in France. My cousin, Louis, and his predecessor, had more sagacious counsellors than those of the Elector. No man can complain that the laws of France against religious dissent were light, or that in the dragonades appointed to carry them into execution, they were rendered criminally amiable."

"May it please you, sir, the fight was at our side. We had to maintain the Catholic religion of our Lord and his apostles—to maintain it against daring innovators. We were bound by a sense of duty to be severe. Not so the heretics we contend against. The very principle in which they have their being, constrains them if they would be consistent with themselves, to be indulgent towards the faithful."

"Sublime reasoning," said the prince. "You are followers of Jesus, the merciful—the Saviour, and therefore have a right to be cruel. Their religion is false, therefore they must be merciful. Pray, proceed."

"Thus, in Ireland, a great majority of the male population is disaffected to the elector of Hanover. The majority, too, consist of persons individually brave, intelligent, patient of hardship and privation, but, through the defect of education, and from the influence of an oppressive system, incapable of acting in concert, with the mutual confidence which are essential to success. The great objects to be sought in such a state of things are to introduce arms, and the use of them; to create a popular opinion, and erect it into a power; and to obtain such relaxations in the code of laws by which the people are oppressed, or such improvement in the more mitigated execution of them, as in times of tranquillity the ruling powers may be induced to grant, and such as shall best favour the design and increase the strength of the loyal party."

"To effect this great object, it is of much moment that the usurping government shall not be aroused to suspicion. Already the penal laws, in the execution of them, have been materially relaxed. Catholic churches which had been closed, have been, by permission, re-opened. The rites of the Catholic church are openly celebrated, and the whole ecclesiastical body, bishops and clergy, zealous and faithful servants of the king—selected for the higher posts, in all instances, with a view to the service of the royal cause, remain unmolested—almost free from suspicion."

"Here it may be observed, that it is impossible to exaggerate the praises to which the episcopacy of the Catholic church in Ireland have honourably entitled themselves. Their self-denial—their self-devotion—their discretion, are worthy of the highest honour. Living in the presence of enemies who have command over their liberties, if not their lives; the pastors of a people, whose natural impetuosity would make them unsafe depositaries of a secret, and who must have hope or occupation to keep them estranged from their oppressors, the Catholic episcopacy, through their clergy, have kept their people a nation apart, and yet have provided, that the activities and enterprises which have been thus eminently successful, should be of a kind to disappoint the suspicions of their adversaries."

"These adversaries, principally Calvinists, are divided among themselves. One part are at the command, or in the pay, of England; the other part, because they are unemployed, affect what they term patriotism. From one or the other his Majesty's faithful subjects can always obtain countenance or support so long as the country remains undisturbed, and, by a judicious use of opportunities at the command of the loyal, preparations indispensable for casting off the usurper's yoke, can be made compatible with much security."

"At this moment there are in Ireland, engaged in the duty of training the multitude to habits of military discipline—

"In Munster, three captains, three lieutenants, five sergeants, and thirty-two rank and file of the regiment of O'Mahony."

"In Connaught, a similar number, from the regiments of Dillon and of Bourke."

"In Leinster, it has not been thought advisable to place more than three officers, one a major and two captains, from the regiment of Lally—no non-commissioned officer or private soldier."

"In Ulster, a large number has been hazarded—two captains, three lieutenants, two sergeants, and ten private soldiers, from the regiment Berwick."

"Here, sir," said de Mortagne, "are reports from all these detachments. Your royal highness will find them encouraging. Each officer and soldier was promised promotion, although none were permitted to engage in such a duty who did not feel the honour of serving his royal master sufficient reward."

The prince bowed and de Mortagne concluded the report.

"According to the representation of the parties thus employed, it appears that there are in process of discipline, in Munster, sixty-five thousand men; in Leinster, ten thousand; in Connaught, fifteen. The returns from Ulster are indistinct. The numbers there are not ascertained, the officers being yet unable to distinguish the parties who would engage in activities prohibited by British law, in merely an adventurous and lawless spirit, from those who could be relied on as enemies of the usurper."

Charles Edward had listened, with much interest at first, and throughout, with a decent attention; but at last he felt his thoughts beginning to wander. The question of most moment to him, he considered, was already decided. There was not to be an immediate descent on Ireland. Everything else was of secondary importance. The report could wait—other engagements could not.

"Pardon me, my lord, and Monsieur le Vicomte," said he, "if I interrupt the reading of this invaluable state-paper. It is becoming too complicated and interesting for my exhausted faculties. I have endeavoured to fix the substance of it, so far as it has been read, in memory. If need be, I will acquaint you with my decision upon it, and now, good night."

"Your royal highness," said the archbishop, "surprises and afflicts me. Will you not rest one night under your faithful servant's roof?"

The prince resisted the archbishop's entreaties—refused even permission to De Mortagne to escort him. He maintained his purpose with a good-humoured firmness and dignity which would not be intruded on, and could not give offence, and at length left the hotel of his adherent to pursue his way as a pedestrian through the dim and solitary streets of Paris.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT ON GREAT MEN.—It is a curious coincidence that the two greatest chancery lawyers of their day should both have been forced

into the profession by incidental circumstances. Romilly says, that what principally influenced his decision was the being thus enabled to leave his small fortune in his father's hands, instead of buying a sworn clerk's seat with it. "At a later period of my life—after a success at the bar which my wildest and most sanguine dreams had never painted to me—when I was gaining an income of £8,000 or £9,000 a year—I have often reflected how all that prosperity had arisen out of the pecuniary difficulties and confined circumstances of my father." Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough) began as an advocate at the Scotch bar. In the course of an altercation with the Lord President, he was provoked to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman. Being ordered to make an apology, he refused, and left the Scotch for the English bar. What every one thought his ruin, turned out the best thing that could happen to him:—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

Lord Tenterden's early destination was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the home circuit, they visited the cathedral at Canterbury together. Richards commended the voice of a singing man in the choir. "Ah," said Lord Tenterden, "that is the only man I ever envied! When at school in this town, we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it." It is now well known that the Duke of Wellington when a subaltern, was anxious to retire from the army, and actually applied to Lord Camden (then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) for a commission-ership of customs! It is not always true, then, that men destined to play conspicuous parts in the world, have a consciousness of their coming greatness, or patience to bide their time. Their hopes grow as their capacity expands with circumstances; honours on honours arise like Alps on Alps; in ascending one they catch a glimpse of another, till the last and highest, which was veiled in mist when they started, stands out in bold relief against the sky.

FAST ASLEEP, AND WIDE AWAKE; OR, THE TRAIN FOR "THE OVERLAND"

From "Tales of the Trains; being some chapters of Railroad Romance."

BY TILBURY TRAMP, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

I got into the Dover "down-train" at the Station, and after seeking for a place in two or three of the leading carriages, at last succeeded in obtaining one, where there were only two other passengers; these, were a lady and a gentleman—the former, a young, pleasing-looking girl, dressed in quiet mourning; the latter, was a tall, gaunt, bilious-looking man, with grizzly gray hair, and an extravagantly aquiline nose. I guessed, from the positions they occupied in the carriage, that they were not acquaintances, and my conjecture proved subsequently true. The young lady was pale, like one in delicate health, and seemed very weary and tired, for she was fast asleep as I entered the carriage, and did not awake, notwithstanding all the riot and disturbance incident to the Station. I took my place directly in front of my fellow travellers, and whether from mere accident, or from the passing interest a pretty face inspires, cast my eyes towards the lady, the gaunt man opposite fixed on me a look of inexpressible shrewdness, and with a very solemn shake of his head, whispered in a low under tone—

"No! no! not a bit of it, she ain't asleep—they never do sleep—never!"

Oh! thought I to myself, there's another class of people not remarkable for over-drowsiness; for, to say the truth, the expression of the speaker's face, and the oddity of his words, made me suspect that he was not a miracle of sanity. The reflection had scarcely passed through my mind, when he arose softly from his seat, and assumed a place beside me.

"You thought she was fast," said he, as he laid his hand familiarly on my arm; "I know you did—I saw it the moment you came into the carriage."

"Why, I did think——"

"Ah! that's deceived many a one; Lord bless you, sir, they are not understood, no one knows them;" and at these words he heaved a profound sigh, and dropped his head upon his bosom, as though the sentiment had overwhelmed him with affliction.

"Riddles, sir," said he to me, with a glare of his eyes that really looked formidable. "Sphinxes, that's what they are—are you married?" whispered he.

"No, sir," said I, politely, for as I began to entertain more serious doubts of my companion's intellect, I resolved to treat him with every civility.

"I don't believe it matters a fig," said he, "the Pope of Rome knows as much about them as Blue Beard."

"Indeed," said I, "are these your sentiments?"

"They are," replied he, in a still lower whisper, "and if we were to talk modern Greek this moment, I would not say but she"—and here he made a gesture towards the young lady opposite—"but she would know every word of it; it is not supernatural, sir, because the law is universal, but it is a most—what shall I say, sir? a most extraordinary provision of nature—wonderful! most wonderful!"

"In heaven's name, why did they let him out?" exclaimed I to myself.

"Now, she is pretending to awake," said he, as he nudged me with his elbow; "watch her, see how well she will do it;" then turning to the lady, he added in a louder voice—

"You have had a refreshing sleep, I trust ma'am?"

"A very heavy one," answered she, "for I was greatly fatigued."

"Did not I tell you so?" whispered he again in my ear; "oh!" and here he gave a deep groan, "when they're in delicate health, and they're greatly fatigued, there's no being up to them!"

The remainder of our journey was not long in getting over, but brief as it was, I could not help feeling annoyed at the pertinacity with which the bilious gentleman purposely misunderstood every word the young lady spoke. The most plain, matter-of-fact observations from her, were received by him, as though she was a monster of duplicity; and a casual mistake, as to the name of a Station, he pounced upon, as though it were a wilful and intentional untruth.

On arriving at Dover, although I was the bearer of despatches requiring the utmost haste, a dreadful hurricane from the eastward, accompanied by a tremendous swell, prevented any Packet entering out to sea. The commander of "the Hornet," however, told me, should the weather, as was not improbable, moderate towards daybreak, he would do his best to run me over to Calais; "only be ready," said he, "at a moment's notice, for I will get the steam up, and be off in a jiffy, whenever the tide begins to ebb." In compliance with this injunction, I determined not to go to bed, and ordering my supper in a

private room, I prepared myself to pass the intervening time, as well as might be.

"Mr. Yellowley's compliments," said the waiter, as I broke the crust of a veal pie, and obtained a bird's-eye view of that delicious interior, where hard eggs, and jelly, mush-rooms, and kidney, were blended together in a delicious harmony of colouring. "Mr. Yellowley's compliments, sir, and will take it as a great favour, if he might join you at supper."

Have not the pleasure of knowing him," said I, shortly—"bring me a pint of sherry—don't know Mr. Yellowley."

"Yes, but you do though," said the gaunt man of the railroad, as he entered the room, with four cloaks on one arm, and two umbrellas under the other.

"Oh! it's you," said I, half-rising from my chair, for in spite of my annoyance at the intrusion, a certain degree of fear of my companion overpowered me.

When the supper was over, and the waiter had placed fresh glasses, Mr. Yellowley looked at me for a moment, threw up his eyebrows, and with an air of more "bon-hommie" than I thought he could muster, said—

"You will have no objection, I hope, to a little warm brandy and water."

"None whatever, and the less, if I may add a cigar."

"Agreed," said I.

These ingredients of our comfort being produced, and the waiter having left the room, Mr. Yellowley stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, and nodding amicably towards me, said—

"I was going on to Walmer to-night, but I couldn't leave this without seeing you once more, and giving you a caution."

"Dear me. I thought nothing about it. You took the matter too much to heart."

"Too much to heart," said he, with a bitter sneer; "that's the cant that deceives half the world—if men, sir, instead of undervaluing these small, and apparently trivial circumstances, would but recall their experiences, chronicle their facts, as Bacon recommended so wisely, we should possess some safe data to go upon, in our estimate of that deceitful sex."

"I fear," said I, half timidly, "you have been ill treated by the ladies?"

"I will tell you a story," said he solemnly, "a story to which probably, no historian, from Polybius to Hoffman, has ever recorded a parallel. I am not aware, sir, that any man has sounded the oceanic depths of that perfidious gulf—a woman's heart—but I, sir, I have at least added some facts to the narrow stock of our knowledge regarding it; listen to this:—"

I replenished my tumbler of brandy and water, looked at my watch, and, finding I still had two hours to spare, lent a not unwilling ear to my companion's story.

"For the purpose of my tale," said Mr. Yellowley, "it is unnecessary that I should mention any incident of my life more remote than a couple of years back. About that time it was, that, using all the influence of very powerful friends, I succeeded in obtaining the consul-generalship at Stralsund. My arrangements for departure were made with considerable despatch; but on the very week of my leaving England, an old friend of mine was appointed to a situation of considerable trust in the East, whither he was ordered to repair, I may say, at a moment's notice. Never was there such a 'contre-temps.' He longed for the north of Europe—I, with equal ardour, wished for a tropical climate; and here were we both going in the very direction antagonist to our wishes! My friend's appointment was a much more lucrative one than mine; but so anxious was he for a residence more congenial to his taste, that he would have exchanged without a moment's hesitation.

"By a mere accident, I mentioned this circumstance to the friend who had procured my promotion. Well, with the greatest alacrity he volunteered his services to effect the exchange, and with such energy did he fulfil his pledge, that on the following evening I received an express, informing me of my altered destination, but directing me to proceed to Southampton on the next day, and sail by the Oriental steamer. This was speedy work, sir; but as my preparations for a journey had long been made, I had very little to do, but exchange some bear-skins with my friend for cotton shirts and jackets, and we both were accommodated. Never were two men in higher spirits—he, with his young wife, delighted at escaping what he called banishment—I, equally happy in my anticipation of the glorious East.

"Among the many papers forwarded to me from the Foreign Office was a special order for free transit the whole way to Calcutta. This document set forth the urgent necessity there existed to pay me every possible attention 'en route'; in fact, it was a sort of Downing-street firman, ordering all whom it might concern to take care of Simon Yellowley, nor permit him to suffer any let, impediment, or inconvenience, on the road. But a strange thing, sir—a very strange thing—was in this paper. In the exchange of my friend's appointment for my own, the clerk had merely inserted my name in lieu of his in all the papers; and then, sir, what should I discover but that this free transit extended to 'Mr. Yellowley and lady,' while, doubtless, my poor friend was obliged to travel 'en garçon.' This extraordinary blunder I only discovered when leaving London in the train.

"We were a party of three, sir." Here he groaned deeply. "Three—just as it might be this very day, I occupied the place that you did this morning, while opposite to me were a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman was an old, round-faced, little man—chatty and merry after his fashion. The lady—the lady, sir—if I had never seen her but that day, I should now call her an angel. It so chanced that I had ample time to observe her, for when I entered the carriage she was asleep—asleep," said he, with a bitter mockery Macready might have envied. "Why do I say asleep? No, sir!—she was in that factitious trance, that wildest device of Satan's own creation, a woman's sleep—the thing invented, sir, merely to throw the shadow of dark lashes on a marble cheek, and leave beauty to sink into man's heart without molestation;—sweep, sir—the whole mischief the world does in its waking moments, is nothing to the doings of such slumber! If she did not sleep, how could that braid of dark-brown hair fall loosely down upon her blue-veined hand; if she did not sleep, how could the colour tinge with such evanescent loveliness the cheek it scarcely coloured; if she did not sleep, how could her lips smile with the sweetness of some passing thought, thus half recorded! No, sir; she had been obliged to have sat bolt upright, with her gloves on, and her veil down. She neither could have shown the delicious roundness of her throat, nor the statue-like perfection of her instep; but sleep, sleep, is responsible for nothing. Oh! why did not Macbeth murder it, as he said he had!"

Mr. Yellowley seemed to have run himself out of breath with this burst of enthusiasm, for he was unable to resume his narrative until several minutes after, when he proceeded thus—

"The fat gentleman and myself were soon engaged in conversation. He

was hastening down to bid some friends good-bye, ere they sailed for India. I was about to leave my native country, too—perhaps for ever.

"Yes, sir," said I, addressing him, "heaven knows when I shall behold these green valleys again—if ever. I have just been appointed Secretary and Chief Counsellor to the political resident at the court of the Rajah of Santancantarabad!—a most important post—three thousand eight hundred and forty-seven miles beyond the Himalaya."

"And here—with, I trust, a pardonable pride—I showed him the Government order for my free transit, with the various directions and injunctions concerning my personal comfort and safety."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles to read, "ah, I never beheld one of these before. Very curious—very curious, indeed—I have seen a sheriff's writ, and an execution, but this is far more remarkable—"Simon Yellowley, Esq., and lady." Eh?—so your lady accompanies you, sir?"

"Would she did—would to heaven she did!" exclaimed I, in a transport.

"Oh, then, she's afraid, is she! She dreads the blacks, I suppose."

"No, sir; I am not married. The insertion of these words was a mistake of the official, who made out my papers;—for, alas! I am alone in the world."

"But why don't you marry, sir?" said the little man, briskly, and with an eye glistening with paternity. "Young ladies ain't scarce—"

"True, most true; but even supposing I were fortunate enough to meet the object of my wishes, I have no time. I received this appointment last evening: to-day, I am here—to-morrow, I shall be on the billows!"

"Ah, that's unfortunate, indeed—very unfortunate."

"Had I but one week—a day—say, an hour, sir," said I, "I'd make an offer of my brilliant position to some lovely creature, who, tired of the dreary North and its gloomy skies, would prefer the unclouded heaven of the Himalaya, and the perfumed breezes of the valley of Santancantarabad!"

A lightly breathed sigh fell from the sleeping beauty, and at the same time a smile of inexpressible sweetness played upon her lips. But like the ripple upon a glassy stream, that, disappearing, left all placid and motionless again, the fair features were in a moment calm as before.

"She looks delicate," whispered my companion.

"Our detestable climate!" said I, bitterly, for she coughed twice at the instant. "Oh, why are the loveliest flowers the offspring of the deadliest soil?"

"She awoke, not suddenly or abruptly, but as Venus might have risen from the sparkling sea, and thrown the dew-drops from her hair, and then she opened her eyes!"

"Well, sir, we arrived at Southampton, but only in time to hasten down to the pier, and take boat for the ship. The blue-peter was flying at the mast-head, and people hurrying away to say 'good-bye' for the last time. I, sir, I alone had no farewells to take. Simon Yellowley was leaving his native soil, unwept and unregretted!"

"The accidents—we call them such every day—the accidents which fashion our lives, are always of our own devising, if we only were to take trouble enough to trace them. I have a theory on this head, but I'm keeping it over for a kind of a Bridgewater Treatise. It is enough now to remark, that though my number at the dinner-table was 84, I exchanged with another gentleman, who couldn't bear a draught, for a place near the door. No. 122. Ah, me! little knew I then what that simple act was to bring with it. Yes, sir, the adjoining seat, No. 123, was vacant. There was a cover and a napkin, and there was a chair placed leaning against the table, to mark it out as the property of some one absent, and day by day was that vacant place the object of my conjectures. It was natural this should be the case. I was not left very long to speculate on this subject; we were buffeted down the channel; we were tossed along the coast of France, and blown about the Bay of Biscay before 123 ever turned up;—when one day—it was a deliciously calm day, (I shall not forget it soon)—we even could see the coast of Portugal, with its great mountains above Cintra. Over a long reach of sea, glassy as a mirror, the great ship clove her way, the long foam track in her wake, the only stain on that blue surface. Every one was on deck: the old asthmatic gentleman, whose cough was the curse of the after-cabin, sat with a bow round his neck, and thought he enjoyed himself. Ladies in twos and threes walked up and down together, chatting as pleasantly as though in Kensington gardens. The tourist, sent out by Mr. Colburn, was taking notes of the whole party, and the four officers in the Bengal Light-Horse had adjourned their daily brandy and water, to a little awning beside the wheel. There were sketch-books, and embroidery frames, and journals, on all sides; there was even a guitar, with a blue ribbon round it; and amid all these reminders of shore life, a fat poodle waddled about, and snarled at every one. The calm, sir, was a kind of doom-day, which evoked the dead from their tombs, and up they came from indescribable corners and nooks, opening their eyes with amazement upon the strange world before them, and some almost feeling that even the ordeal of sea-sickness was not too heavy a penalty for an hour so bright though so fleeting.

"Which is 123? thought I, as I elbowed my way along the crowded quarter-deck, now asking myself could it be the thin gentleman with the two capes, or the fat lady with the three chins? But there is a prescience which never fails in the greater moments of our destiny, and this told me, it was none of these. We went down to dinner, and for the first time the chair was not placed against the table, but so as to permit a person to be seated on it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the steward to me, "could you move a little this way; 123 is coming in to dinner, and she would like to have the air of the door-way."

"She would," thought I; oh, so this is a she, at all events; and scarce was the reflection made, when the rustle of a silk dress was heard brushing my chair. I turned, and what do you think, sir, shall I endeavour to describe my emotions to you?"

"To be brief, 123 was the angel of the railroad."

"The lady you met at —"

"Yes, sir: if you prefer to call her the lady; for I shall persist in my previous designation. Oh, sir, that was the great moment of my life. You may have remarked that we pass from era to era of our existence, as though it were from one chamber to another. The gay, the sparkling, and the brilliant succeeded to the dark and gloomy apartment, scarce illumined by a ray of hope, and we move on in our life's journey with new objects suggesting new actions, and the actions engendering new frames of thought, and we think ourselves wiser as our vicissitudes grow thicker; but I must not continue this theme. To me, this moment was the greatest transition of my life. Here was the ideal before me, which neither art had pictured, nor genius described—the loveliest creature I ever beheld. She turned round on taking her place, and with a slight gesture of surprise recognised me at once as her former fellow-traveller. I have had proud moments in my life, Mr. Tramp. I shall never forget how the Commander of the Forces at Bouahcush, said to me in full audience, in the presence of all the officials—

"Yellowley, this is devilish hot—hotter than we have it in Europe."

"But here was a prouder moment still, that little graceful movement of recognition, that smile so transient as to be scarce detected, sent a thrill of happiness all through me. In former days by doughty deeds and hazardous exploits men won their way to women's hearts; our services in the present time have the advantage of being less hazardous; little attentions of the table, passing the salt, calling for the pepper, lifting a napkin, and inviting to wine, are the substitutes for mutilating giants and spitting dragons. I can't say but I think that 'the exchange is with the difference.'"

"The first day passed over with scarce the interchange of a word between us. She arose almost immediately after dinner, and did not make her appearance during the remainder of the evening. The following morning she took her place at the breakfast table, and to my inexpressible delight, as the weather still remained calm, ascended to the quarter-deck when the meal was over. The smile with which she met me now had assumed the token of acquaintance and a very little address was necessary, on my part, to enable me to join her as she walked, and engage her in conversation. The fact of being so young and so perfectly alone—for except her French maid, she did not appear to know a single person on board—perhaps appeared to demand some explanation on her part, even to a perfect stranger like myself; for, after some passing observations on the scenery of the coast, and the beauty of the weather, she told me that she looked forward with much hope to the benefit her health might derive from a warmer air and less trying climate than that of England."

"I already feel benefited by the sweet South," said she; and there was a smile of gratitude on her lip, as she spoke the words. Some little further explanation she may have deemed necessary; for she took the occasion soon after to remark, that her only brother would have been delighted with the voyage, if he could have obtained leave of absence from his regiment; but, unfortunately, he was in 'the Blues,' quartered at Windsor, and could not be spared."

"There could scarcely be a more touching incident than to see one like her, so beautiful and so young, in the midst of that busy little world of soldiers, and sailors, and merchants, travellers to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and wearied spirits seeking for change wherever it might be found. Had I not myself been alone—a very 'waif' upon the shores of life—I should have felt attracted by the interest of her isolation—now, there was a sympathy to attach us—there was that similarity of position—that *idem nolle, et idem velle*, which we are told, constitutes true friendship. She seemed to arrive at this conclusion exactly as I did myself, and received with the most captivating frankness all the little attentions it was in my power to bestow; and in fact to regard me, in some sort, as her companion. Thus, we walked the deck each morning it was fine, or if stormy, played at chess or piquet in the cabin. Sometimes she worked while I read aloud for her, and such a treat as it was to hear her criticisms on the volume before us—how just and true her appreciation of sound and correct principles—how skilful the distinctions she would make between the false glitter of tinsel sentiment, and the dull gold of real and sterling morality. Her mind, naturally a gifted one, had received every aid education could bestow. French and Italian literature were as familiar to her as was English, while in mere accomplishments she far excelled those, who habitually make such acquirements the grand business of early life."

"You may, perhaps, deem it strange that several days rolled over before I ever even thought of inquiring her name; but such was the case. But a chance revealed the matter even before it had occurred to me to think of it. A volume of Shelley's poems contained on the title page, written in a hand of singular delicacy, the words, 'Lady Blanche D'Esmonde.' Whether the noble family she belonged to, were English, Irish, or Scotch, I could not even guess. It were as well that I could not do so. I should only have felt a more unwarrantable attachment for that portion of the empire she came from. Yes, sir, I loved her. I loved her with an ardour that the Yellowleys have been remarkable for, during three hundred and eighty years. It was my ancestor, sir—Paul Yellowley—who was put in the stocks at Charing-Cross, for persecuting a maid of honour at Elizabeth's Court. That haughty Queen, and cold-hearted woman, had the base inscription written above his head—the penalty of a low scullion who lifeth his eyes too loftily."

"To proceed. When we reached Gibraltar, Lady Blanche and I visited the rocks, and went over the bomb-proofs and the casemates together—far more dangerous places those little cells and dark passages to a man like me, than ever they could become in the hottest fury of a siege. Again we went to sea; but how I trembled at each sight of land, lest she should leave the ship for ever. At last, Malta came in view, and the same evening the boats were lowered, for all had a desire to go ashore. Of course Lady Blanche was most anxious; her health had latterly improved greatly, and she was able to incur considerable fatigue, without feeling the worse afterwards."

"It was a calm, mellow evening, with an already risen moon, as we landed to wander about the narrow streets and bastioned dwellings of old Valletta. She took my arm, and, followed by Mademoiselle Virginie, we went on exploring every strange and curious spot before us, and calling up before our mind's eye the ancient glories of the place. The season was so genial, and the moon so bright, that we lingered till past midnight, and then returned to the ship the last of all the visitors. That was indeed a night, as, flickered by the column of silver light, we swept over the calm sea. Lady Blanche, wrapped in my large boat cloak, her pale features statue-like in their unmoved beauty, sat in the stern, I sat at her side, neither spoke a word. What her thoughts might have been I cannot guess; but the little French maid looked at me from time to time with an expression of diabolical intelligence I cannot forget; and as I handed her mistress up the gangway, Virginie said in a whisper—"

"Ah, Monsieur Yellowley, *vous êtes un homme dangereux.*"

"Would you believe it, sir, that little phrase filled every chamber of my heart with hope; there could be but one interpretation of it, and what a meaning had that—dangerous to the peace of mind—to the heart's happiness of her I actually adored. I lay down in my berth and tried to sleep, but the nearest approach of slumber was a dreamy condition, in which the words '*vous êtes un homme dangereux*,' kept ever ringing. I thought I saw Lady Blanche dressed in white, with a veil covering her, a chaplet of orange flowers on her brow, and weeping as though inconsolably; and there was a grim, mischievous little face that nodded at me with a menacing expression, as though to say, 'this is *your* work, Simon Yellowley;' and then I saw her lay aside the veil and encircle herself with a sad coloured garment, while her tears fell even faster than before; and then the little vixen from the window exclaimed, 'here's more of it, Simon Yellowley.' Lord, how I reproached myself—I saw I was bringing her to the grave; yes, sir, there is no concealing it. I felt she loved me. I arose and put on my dressing-gown; my mind was made up. I slept noiselessly up the cabin stairs, and with much difficulty made my way to that part of the ship inhabited by the servants. I will not recount here the insolent allusions I encountered, nor the rude jests and jibes of the sailors when

I asked for Mademoiselle Virginie; nor was it without trouble and considerable delay that I succeeded in obtaining an interview with her."

"Mademoiselle," said I, "I know the levity of your nation; no man is more conscious than I of the frailty of your moral principles. Don't be angry, but hear me out. You said a few minutes ago that I was a 'dangerous man;' tell me now, sincerely, truthfully, and candidly—here I put rather a heavy purse into her hands—the exact meaning you attached to these words?"

"Ah, monsieur," said she, with a stage shudder, '*je suis une pauvre fille, ne me perdez pas.*'"

"I looked at the little wizened devil and never felt stronger in my virtue."

"Don't be afraid Virginie. I'm an archbishop in principles; but I thought that when you said these words they bore an allusion to another—"

"Ah! *c'est ça*," said she, with perfect *naïveté*—so you are, a dangerous man, a very dangerous man; so much so, indeed, that I shall use all my influence to persuade one, of whom you are aware, to escape as quickly as may be, from the hazard of your fascinating society."

"I repeat these words, Mr. Tramp, which may appear to you now too flattering, but the French language, in which Virginie spoke, permits expressions even stronger than these, as mere conventionalities."

"Don't do it," said I, "don't do it, Virginie."

"I must, and I will," reiterated she; "there's such a change in my poor dear Lady Blanche since she met you, I never knew her give way to fits of laughing before—she's so capricious, and whimsical—she was an angel formerly."

"She is an angel still," said I, with a frown, for I would not suffer so much of aspersion against her."

"Sans doute," chimed in Virginie, with a shrug of her shoulders, 'we are all angels, after a fashion;' and I endeavoured to smile a concurrence with this sentiment in which I only half assented."

"By wonderful skill and cross-questioning, I at last obtained the following information: Lady Blanche was on a voyage of health, intending to visit the remarkable places in the Mediterranean, and then winter at some chosen spot upon its shores. Why she journeyed thus unprotected, was a secret there was no fathoming by indirect inquiry, and any other would have been an act of indelicacy."

"We will pass the winter at Naples, or Palermo, or Jerusalem, or some other watering-place," said Virginie, for her geography was after all only a lady's-maid accomplishment."

"You must persuade her to visit Egypt, Virginie," said I; 'Egypt, Virginie—the land of the pyramids. Induce her to do this, and to behold the wonders of the strangest country in the universe. Even now,' said I 'Arab life!—'

"Ah, oui. I have seen the Arab at the Vaudeville; they have magnificent beards."

"The handsomest men in the world."

"Pas mal," said she, with a sententious nod, 'there's no converting into words.'

"Well, Virginie, think of Cairo, think of Bagdad. You have read the Arabian Nights—haven't you?"

"Yes," said she, with a yawn, 'they are *passé*; now, what would you have us do in this dull old place?"

"I would have you to visit Mehemet Ali, and be received at his court—for I saw at once the class of fascination she would yield to. Drink sherbet, eat sweetmeats, receive presents, magnificent presents, cachmeres, diamond bracelets. Ah! think of that."

"Ah! there is something in what you say," said she, after a pause, 'but we have not come prepared for such an expensive journey. I am purse-bearer for Lady Blanche knows nothing about expenses, and we shall not receive remittances, until we settle somewhere for the winter.'

"These words made my heart leap; in five minutes more I explained to Virginie that I was provided with a free transit through the East, in which, by her aid, her mistress might participate, without ever knowing it. You have only to pretend, Virginie, that Egypt is so cheap; tell her a camel only costs a penny a league, and that one is actually paid for crossing the Great Desert; you can hint that old Mehemet wants to bring the thing into fashion, and that he would give his beard to see English ladies travelling that route."

"I knew it well," said Virginie, with a malicious smile, 'I knew it well, you are a dangerous man.'

"All the obstacles and impediments she could suggest, I answered with much skill and address, not unaided, I own, by certain potent persuasives, in the shape of bank paper—she was a most mercenary little devil; and as day was breaking, Virginie had fully agreed in all my plans, and determined that her mistress should go beyond 'the second cataract,' if I wished it. I need not say that she fully understood my motives; she was a Frenchwoman sir; the Russian loves train oil, the Yankee prefers whittling, but a Frenchwoman, without an intrigue of her own, or some one's else, on hand, is the most miserable object in existence."

"I see where it all will end," cried she, as I turned to leave her; 'I see it already. Before six weeks are over, you will not ask my aid to influence my mistress.'

"Do you think so, Virginie," said I, grasping at the suggestion."

"Of course I do," said she with a look of undisguised truth; '*ah, que vous êtes un homme dangereux.*'"

The whole of the following day was spent by me in company with Lady Blanche, I expatiated on the glories of the East, and discussed everybody who had been there, from Abraham down to Abercromby."

I pursued my Egyptian studies nearly the entire of that night, and the next day came on deck, with four chapters of *Ibry* and *Mangles*, off by heart. My head swam round with ideas of things Oriental—patriarchs and pyramids, Turks, dragomans, catacombs, and crocodiles, danced an infernal quadrille in my excited brain, and I convulsed the whole cabin at breakfast, by replying to the Captain's offer of some tea, with a profound salaam, and an exclamation of '*Bish mullah, allah il allah.*'"

"You have infatuated me with your love of the East, Mr. Yellowley," said Lady Blanche, one morning, as she met me."

"I feel I must see the Pyramids, sir. I cannot resist an impulse on which my thoughts are concentrated, and yours be all the blame of this wilful exploit."

We began 'the overland'—the angel travelling as Lady Blanche Yellowley, to avoid any possible inquiry or impertinence from the official people. This was arranged between Virginie and myself, without her knowledge. Then, indeed, began my Arabian nights. Ah, sir, you never can know the happiness enjoyed by him, who, travelling for fourteen long hours over the hot sand, and beneath the scorching sun of the desert, comes at last to stretch his wearied

limbs upon his carpet at evening, and gazes on celestial beauty as he sips his mocha.

Do you wonder if I loved—do you wonder if I confessed my love. I did both, sir—ay, sir, both.

"I told her my heart's secret in an impassioned moment, and with the enthusiasm of true affection, explained my position and my passion.

"I am your slave," said I, with trembling adoration—"your slave, and the Secretary at Santacantantabad. You own my heart. I possess nothing but a Government situation and three thousand per annum. I shall never cease to love you and my widow must have a pension from 'the Company.'"

"She covered her face with her handkerchief as I spoke, and her sobs—they must have been sobs—actually penetrated my bosom."

"You must speak of this no more, dear Mr. Yellowley," said she, wiping her eyes, you really must not, at least until I arrive at Calcutta."

"So you consent to go that far," cried I, in ecstasy.

"She seemed somewhat confused at her own confession, for she blushed and turned away; then said, in a voice of some hesitation—

"Will you compel me to relinquish the charm of your too agreeable society, or will you make me the promise I ask?"

"Any thing—every thing"—exclaimed I, and from that hour, I only looked my love, at least, save when sighs and interjections contributed their insignificant aid. I gave no expression to my consuming flame. Not the less progress perhaps did I make for that. You can educate a feature, sir, to do the work of four—I could after a week or ten days look fifty different things, and she knew them—ay, that she did, as though it were a book open before her."

"I could have strained my eyes to see through the canvass of a tent, if she were inside of it. And she, had you but seen her looks! what archness and what softness—how piquant, yet how playful—what witchcraft and what simplicity! I must hasten on. We arrived within a day of our journey's end. The next morning showed us the tall outline of Fort William against the sky. The hour was approaching in which I might declare my love, and declare it with some hope of a return!"

"She was in tears, sir—weeping. She is mine, thought I. What a night, to be sure! We drove into the grand Cassawaddy, and the door of our conveyance was wrenched open by a handsome-looking fellow, all gold and moustaches.

"Blanche—my dearest Blanche," said he.

"My own Charles," exclaimed she.

"Her brother, I suppose, Mr. Yellowley?"

"No, sir," screamed he, "her husband!!!"

"The artful, deceitful, designing woman had a husband!" screamed Yellowley, above the storm and the hurricane. "They had been married privately, the day he sailed for India, and she only waited for the next 'overland' to follow him out, and I, sir, the miserable dupe, stood there, the witness of their joys."

"Don't forget this dear old creature, Charles," said she: "he was invaluable to me on the journey!" but I rushed from the spot, anguish-torn and almost desperate.

"My misfortunes were rife," screamed Yellowley in my ear. The Rajah to whose court I was appointed had offended Lord Ellenborough, and it was only the week before I arrived, that his territory had been added to 'British India,' as they call it, and the late ruler accommodated with private apartments in Calcutta, and three hundred a year for life; so that I had nothing to do, but come home again."

"Go on," cried the captain from the paddle-box, and away we splashed, in a manner far more picturesque to those on land, that pleasant to us on board, while high above the howling wind and rattling cordage came Yellowley's voice—"Don't forget it; don't forget it! Asleep or awake, never trust them!"

THE FESTIVAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A SCENE IN NAVARRE.

It was a fine afternoon in the spring of 1834; the birds were cheerfully singing on the trees, the flocks and herds contentedly cropped the young herbage, and the air was perfumed with odours. Not only did the face of nature brightly smile, but some festive ceremony was evidently about to be performed in the village of —, in Navarre. Numbers of young girls were seated at the cottage doors, weaving garlands of spring flowers, whilst several youths looked on and encouraged them. Here and there an old man, wrapped in a rusty-brown cloak almost as ancient as himself, stood observing the juvenile groups; and on the threshold of a miserable hovel sat an aged woman singing a wild air, accompanied by uncouth gestures; but whether they betokened joy, grief, or anger, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine.

At length the damsels rose, each bearing in her hand the blooming wreath she had entwined, and the whole party proceeded to a small plaza, or square, in front of the church, where, waving their chaplets gracefully, they danced to the sound of a large tambourine and the mountain-pipe, called the *gasta*, the tones of which strongly resemble those of the bagpipes. Nor was the human voice wanting; the harsh and discordant chant of the beldame was again heard; and by her side a lean rickety boy, of about fourteen, with wiry flaxen hair, imbecile look, and unmeaning grin, beat time by clapping his hands. The dancers became more and more animated every moment; the fine hair of the young women, which had hitherto been plaited and arranged with natural good taste, was, by some sudden process, allowed to fall loosely on their shoulders; and at the same moment each maiden placed a chaplet on her head, the young men slinging larger garlands across their breasts, like the broad ribbons of chivalric orders.

At the conclusion of the dance, the great gates of the church were thrown open; at the eastern end the altar, resplendent from the effect numerous large wax candles, had an imposing appearance. The cura, or priest, habited in richly-embroidered vestments, stood under the portico, and spreading forth his hands, bestowed a blessing on the people, who knelt reverentially to receive it.

While this act of devotion was in progress, a loud creaking sound was heard and presently a small body of men appeared advancing along the road which runs close by the square. Their heads were covered with the flat cap called *La Boina*; they wore coarse brown cloth jackets, and loose white linen trousers, their waists being encircled with broad red woollen sashes, below which, and in front, were strapped their cananas, or cartridge-pouches; instead of shoes they had *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals; they were armed with muskets; and bayonets without scabbards, were stuck in their belts. This vanguard was followed by four wains, each drawn by two oxen, guided by a peasant bearing a long staff, with a goad at one end. The oxen moved very slowly,

the creaking sound being produced by the evolutions of the heavy wooden axletrees of the wains, which were followed by a much larger party, clothed and armed in the same manner as that in advance, the whole being commanded by an officer in uniform. Three of the bullock cars contained each a new bronze mortar of moderate size; the fourth was laden with ammunition-boxes. On their arrival in the plaza, the escort uncovered their heads, knelt, and received the priest's benediction. The assemblage then rose; the tambourine and mountain-pipe struck up; the old woman resumed her discordant song; the half-witted urchin clapped his lean hands more vehemently than ever; the young men and maidens moved towards the wains with a solemn dancing step; and, finally, the girls decorated the horns and necks of the oxen with the wreaths they had been gracefully waving during the dance; whilst the youths encircled the mortars with the larger garlands; the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church; but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honours, standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet and peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal. By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cassock, over which was a white muslin tunic; he bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up into the air, and then drew it back again by its silver chain, marking the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant this ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting of "*Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva la Religion! Sucesos to the new mortars! Death to the Christinos!*" Amidst these fervent cheers the bullock-cars moved on, escorted as before; the young men accompanying them as a guard of honour a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting, the soldiers cried—"To Elizondo! to Elizondo!" and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families, who had been absent acting as scouts attached to Don Carlos's army, or otherwise connected with it, had returned. They brought accounts of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zumalacarraguy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the previous day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were on their way back. The confusion occasioned by these reports was at its height when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza with breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man of about thirty; his features, though handsome, bore a strong stamp of cunning; and the expression of his large gray eyes, set in a face the colour of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze. The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark-blue velvet, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely; his breeches were of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams; he also wore a blue worsted sash, and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright and variegated colours, tied behind, with two long ends hanging down; above the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby, and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and from constant exposure to the sun and weather, as dark as his face. He was a *gitano*, or gipsy.

"I am sent by Zumalacarraguy," said the man, "to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and that they must be concealed in this neighbourhood; all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them; they must not re-enter the village; your privileges, your lives even, depend on promptitude and energy; the holy guns must be placed in security."

This appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer; for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of the consecrated artillery. All the men immediately sallied forth with Zumalacarraguy's messenger. They had not proceeded far along the road, before the well-known creaking of the bullock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching; they soon appeared, bereft, however, of their gay adornments.

The gitano immediately addressed himself to the officer in command of the escort: and after a brief parley, three of the village elders were summoned to join in the consultation. Much animated discourse ensued, accompanied by that lively gesticulation by which the Spaniards are characterised. The result was, that the wains were drawn along a by-road to a field, under the guidance of the villagers, the gipsy and the escort following. On arriving at the centre of the field, the oxen were taken out of the wains, which, being tilted up, the mortars glided easily to the ground. The peasants had brought with them the large hoes used by the husbandmen of Navarre, and having dug trenches of about three feet deep, the mortars, which only the day before were adorned with garlands, and sent with shouts and vivas to be employed against the Christinos, were now buried in the earth in solemn silence.

The oxen were again yoked to the wains, and led to the high road, whence they departed in an opposite direction; the escort took the shortest route to the mountains, and the villagers hastened to regain their homes. The gipsy proceeded to the residence of the cura, with whom he was closeted for some time: he then went to the small venta, or village inn. After his departure, the alcalde was summoned to attend the cura; they held a long conference, at the conclusion whereof the alcalde visited every house, and made a communication of solemn import to its inmates.

Towards evening several little groups were assembled in the plaza, and before the house doors. They conversed energetically, and, on separating at nightfall, their countenances and manner indicated that a definitive and decided resolution had been universally adopted upon some highly interesting and important matters.

The following morning, just as the mists were clearing away from the summits of the neighbouring mountains, General Mina entered the village, having marched during the greater part of the night. He had previously caused the place to be surrounded by his troops, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. Attended by his staff, he rode to the plaza, whither the whole population were summoned by the crazy drum and drawing voice of the *pregonero*, or public crier.

The people, who only two days before had hastened to the same spot with dancing step and exulting eye, cheered by the tambourine and mountain-pipe, now crept one by one out of their dwellings with fearfully-anxious looks, and wended their unwilling way towards the plaza.

Mina eyed them sharply as they emerged from the narrow avenues; but his weather-beaten face did not betray any inward emotion. By his side stood the cura, dressed in a rusty-black cassock, holding between both hands his oblong shovel-hat, and pressing its sides within the smallest possible compass. His countenance was ghastly, and his small jet-black eyes peered from beneath their half-closed lids, first at the villagers as they glided into the plaza, and then askance at the general, who had already questioned him closely with regard to the mortars, which he had been assured the villagers had voluntarily assisted in attempting to convey to Elizondo—then in possession of the queen's forces, and fortified—for the purpose of bombarding it. He had also heard of the ceremony of decorating and rejoicing over the mortars, and of their subsequent concealment, with the connivance and aid of the cura's parishioners. The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. "Senor General," he said, "the cura of — will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign."

As soon as these words had escaped his lips, a loud clapping of hands was heard immediately behind him. Upon turning round, the cura perceived the idiot lad, who laughed in his face, and trailed his half-dislocated legs along, in grotesque imitation of dancing. The cura looked affrighted; the muscles of his visage became suddenly contracted; and his eyes flashed fire upon theurchin whose noisy movements seemed to strike terror into his soul.

The plaza was now crowded with men, women, and children; shortly afterwards and aid-de-camp appeared, followed by an officer's guard. The former approached the general, and reported that, in pursuance of his orders, every house had been searched, and that, to the best of his knowledge, all the male inhabitants who remained in the village were now present.

"Let them be separated from the women and children," said the general.

This order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene: the elderly men stood, like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drapery; some of their younger companions were dressed in brown woollen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders; others in short blue smock-frocks, confined round the waist by broad girdles of bright mixed colours. All wore the picturesque boina, but of varied hues—blue, white, or red.

The women and children formed a gloomy back-ground to this singular picture; they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family having joined the Carlist party. The young girls, who only forty-eight hours before had been weaving chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixedly on Mina; others, their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared absorbed in prayer. The old woman, crouched on the ground, plied her knitting-needles with great diligence; her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them; and she had so placed herself as to be able to peer through the slight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff officers, and thus addressed the villagers:—

"I know that, two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that, yesterday, they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with the knowledge of the inhabitants: where are they?"

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

"Where are the guns?" cried Mina with a loud voice and irritated manner—"the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were shortly to be used against the queen's forces?"

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the villagers—the cura had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel had been placed,) then darting down a lane, he crossed a riuilet at the end, and plunged into a dell covered with brushwood; thence, through paths well known to him, he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him, turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the cura to use his influence to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said, "Where is the cura? Search the church!—search his house!"

In the former there was not a living being; and at the latter only the ama, or housekeeper, a good looking young woman, who declared that she had not seen his reverence since he was summoned to the general's presence early in the morning.

This being reported to Mina, he shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded once more to harangue the multitude:—

"Well," he said, "you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I ask for: now, listen to the voice of Mina, who never promises nor threatens in vain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch (drawing it from his pocket,) the place where the Carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decimate the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot: decide for yourselves."

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man was joined by a female—a mother, wife, sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted: the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village, and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war employed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed: the soldiers again began to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, "Ho, Senor Gitano! stand last on the line, and you are safe."

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the lad, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself the last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained, Mina said, "This is the last moment—confession or decimation! No answer, no sign."

"Sergeant, do your duty," said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four more were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again, and the five men were left standing

about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the villager, who had the unenviable pre-eminence in this mournful selection, was led to the general, who thus addressed him: "Reveal the hiding-place, and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared."

"Senor," replied the prisoner, a fine young man, "I know it not."

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said "Will any of you confess, and save this youth?"

The mortars did not pass through the village on their return," cried the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

"General, general," they all shrieked together, "we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him, spare him; be merciful for the love of God!"

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth, ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, "Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall."

"There is no remedy," replied Mina, "unless the secret be disclosed."

Five minutes after Mina's return to the spot where his staff were assembled, the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza; his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers, who all fired at one and the same instant. Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavour to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with heroic calmness and dignity. The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow-captives to the death-station. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpses of his young companions, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to their execution. "I call God to witness," cried the aged man, "that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back."

"Tis true, 'tis true," shouted the people, forgetting, in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

"Then save his life by confessing," answered Mina.

"We have naught to confess; Francisco is innocent," was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

As the old man was being conducted towards the wall where lay the four dead bodies, he passed close to Mina's horse; and at the moment when his arms were about to be tied behind him by two soldiers, he broke from them, and casting himself on his knees, clasped the general's thigh with both his shrivelled hands, crying, "For the love of the Holy Virgin, spare me, spare me! Oh! by the affection you bore your own father, save the life of an aged parent! I never saw the mortars after they left the village the first day."

Mina moved not; his face appeared as though it had been chiselled out of a block of brown stone. The two soldiers in vain endeavoured to loosen the poor old man's hands from Mina's thigh: he clung to, and grasped it with all the strength of desperation. At length, however, by dint of repeated efforts, he was removed, and having been taken in a state of exhaustion to the fatal wall, he speedily fell, pierced by the deadly bullets.

After this awful execution, Mina said, in a loud voice, "Now let the last man in the line be brought forward."

Mina had observed, immediately after the old villager had been shot, that an interchange of glances full of meaning took place between the gipsy and the half-witted boy; and surmised, all at once, that the stranger might be influenced by the fear of death to divulge the secret.

On hearing the order for his being brought forward, the gitano's swarthy complexion assumed a deep yellow tinge, and he trembled from head to foot. You have but five minutes to live unless the mortars be found," said Mina, addressing the gitano.

The moral construction of the gipsy was of a very different nature to that of the peasantry of the northern provinces of Spain, although he had been a zealous hired agent of the Carlist junta in stirring up the people to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the Navarrese had been wrought at that period, under the idea that all their rights, privileges, and religious observances were at stake, and could only be secured by the annihilation of the Christians. He had expected to escape by means of the position in which he had contrived to place himself on the line of villagers, and had therefore remained silent during the previous interrogations; but now, finding that the very manoeuvres he had put in practice to save his life had, on the contrary, brought him to the verge of destruction, he lost all command over himself. In tremulous accents he begged permission to speak privately to the general. He was led, tottering from fright to the side of his horse. Mina was obliged to stoop to listen to his almost inaudible whisper, rendered doubly indistinct by the chattering of his teeth. "Senor Mina, my general," he muttered, "if I divulge the secret, will you take me with you?—Will you protect me from the vengeance of these villagers?"

"I will," answered Mina.

"Then—send a party of soldiers, with some pioneers, down the lane to the left of the church, and when they arrive at a spot where there are three ever-green oaks, let them turn into a field to the right; in the centre of it they will see a heap of manure; let that be removed; then let them dig about three feet deep, and they will find the mortars."

Mina instantly gave orders to the above effect; and during the absence of the party—about half an hour—a solemn silence reigned in the plaza. The gitano stood close to Mina's horse with downcast eyes, though occasionally he glanced furtively at the villagers, who all regarded him with menacing gravity.

At length a sergeant arrived from the exploring party, and informed Mina that the mortars had been found. "Your life is spared," said the general, to the trembling gipsy, "and your person shall be respected—you march with us."

It took the greater part of the day to get the mortars exhumed and placed in bullock cars pressed from the inhabitants, who were also compelled to dig up the guns and hoist them into the wains, the owners of which were forced to guide the oxen, under a strong guard.

The foregoing narrative, the leading features of which are traced from facts, displays the indomitable spirit of the Navarrese peasantry. Heart rending it is to reflect upon the frightful evils of civil war, which none can fully conceive but those who have been eye-witnesses of them.

ANECDOTICAL GATHERINGS.

PORTUGUESE NAVY.—(1777.)—Major Dalrymple, in his Travels through

Portugal, relates that, being in conversation with a gentleman one day at the hotel where he lodged, an officer of marine quartered at Ocyrus, dressed in his uniform, and wearing a sword, came into the house, and asking for the very gentleman with whom the Major was discoursing, pulled a pair of stockings out of his pocket, and gave them to him. Major Dalrymple was informed that the poor gentleman was a lieutenant in the navy, whose wife was a washerwoman; and that often, while she was employed in her vocation, she sent him on her errands. "What must a man do with a family," added the officer, "when he has only forty shillings a month!"

A GOOD TRANSLATION.—When the engraving first appeared from S. Joshua Reynold's celebrated picture of "Garrick between the Comic and Tragic Muses," it was immediately pirated, and re-engraved in Paris, under the title of "L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu."

CURRAN—Egan, the lawyer, was a man of great thews and sinews. On going into a bath, he exultingly strook his breast, which was furnished like that of Esau, and exclaimed "Curran, did you ever see so fine a chest!" "Trunk, you mean," said Mr. Curran.

FORGERY.—One Howel Gwen was convicted of forging a deed, by putting a dead man's hand unto it, and condemned in £100 fine, and to stand on the pillory two hours before the hall gate. He cut off a dead man's hand, and put a pen and seal into it, and so signed, sealed, and delivered the deed, with the dead hand, and swore that he saw the dead sealed and delivered.—*Stiles Rep.* 362, 363.

WE HAVE NO SUCH FUN NOW-A-DAYS.—June 1776. The Duches of Chatres lately beat the Duke, her husband, in a foot race of five hundred yards, on their own terrace, for two hundred guineas. P. P.

N.B.—The Duchess was allowed to tie her coats above the knees of her drawers!

PASSING REMARK.—On Wednesday, May 10, 1823, a gentleman walking down Bernard Street, Russel Square, discovered a very bad fire . . . in Mr. Munden's kitchen!

The admirable actor was not famed for hospitality.

VOLTAIRE.—A young nobleman, of an elevated turn of mind, and a frequent visitor of the great Voltaire, having received, or at least imagined he had received an affront, sent a challenge in support of his honour, and told Mons Voltaire that he was next morning to fight a duel. "With whom?" said the philosopher hastily. "With the Marquis de —," replied the hero. The Marquis was at the sober period of forty-seven; his antagonist in the impetuous season of twenty-three. "And will you really fight the Marquis?" "Really," replied the youth. "Then I commend your spirit," added the poet; and immediately wrote to the Marquis, informing him, that "the poor boy was heartily sorry for his rashness, and begged that he (Voltaire) would intercede for his pardon."

But this was not all; there was still to be a rencontre, though not with the Marquis. The youth went to the appointed place of combat, and there saw an antagonist, with a weapon far keener than pointed steel. The adversary was a mule, the tamest the philosopher had; and the weapon was the following label, fixed to one of the animal's ears:

"O, Frère! Je vous défie de me montrer aucun droit divin ni humain, qui permette de tuer pour l'honneur."

The youth, in a towering passion, sought the mule-driver; but the latter had taken care to be off; and the former had too much humanity to wreak his vengeance on a poor inoffensive mule. In short, his rage gradually abated; Reason assumed her empire; he acknowledged the truth of the inscription, broke his sword to pieces, and retired.

THE COURT OF PEKING.

Memoirs of Father Ripa, during Thirteen Years' Residence at the Court of Peking, &c. Selected and Translated from the Italian, by Fortunato Prandi. Murray.

It is a sign of the improved feelings of our age, that there is no longer any reluctance to do justice to the Romish missionaries. Father Ripa held a high place among these enterprising and disinterested men; he united the simplicity of a child to the courage of a martyr, and devoted himself to the task he had undertaken with a singleness of purpose, which must command the respect of those who differ most from the creed he taught. The preaching of a Franciscan friar induced Ripa to take orders, and soon after his ordination he was nominated to the Chinese mission. He came to London for the purpose of obtaining a passage in one of the East India Company's ships, but found some difficulty in procuring permission from the Court of Directors, in consequence of the alarm which the supposed plans of the Jesuits excited towards the close of Queen Anne's reign. Soon after his arrival at Macao, Ripa received permission to enter into the Emperor's service, and proceeded to Peking for that purpose. On the river Nan-kiang-huo he was much struck by the fishing-birds employed by the Chinese; his description of them is confirmed by Mr. Davis:—

"The fishermen employ a certain kind of birds called loo-soo, which are rather larger than a duck, and have a neck as long as that of a goose. As they are quite black, they also bear the name of shew-e-laou, which signifies water-crow. The fisherman takes them in his boat, and when he sets them at liberty they swim upon the water, and at the sight of a fish they dive and secure it in their beaks. A ring is put upon their necks, which will allow them to swallow the smaller fish, but not the larger. When the fisherman perceives that their throats are filled with fish, he thrusts into the water a long pole, upon which these birds have been trained to climb and return into the boat; he then squeezes their throats to make them disgorge their prey, and every time this is done he obtains about two handfuls of fish. The greater number of these birds a fisherman possesses, the richer is he considered to be; for the expense of keeping them is mere nothing, as the smaller fish which they catch afford them in general sufficient food. I remarked, also, that when these loo-soo have dived, they rise to the surface of the water, with their prey in the beak, and remain nearly a quarter of an hour before they plunge again to swallow their food. Hence it would appear they are taught by instinct that it would be dangerous for them to swallow a fish before it is dead."

On his road Ripa learned that it was not very pleasant to practise the medical profession in China; the treatment of a lay brother of the Jesuit order showed that volunteer physicians exposed themselves to very unpleasant contingencies:—

"Having some skill in the medical art, he had been commanded by the Emperor to visit his twentieth son, who was ill. Either from not understanding the disorder, or from reluctance to give pain to the monarch, he pronounced that there was no danger. Not long after, the prince died, and the lay-brother

was kicked, cuffed, and beaten so severely, by order of the Emperor, that he fell seriously ill in consequence, and was now repairing to Macao, on leave of absence. This must not surprise my readers, for I can add that while in Peking, I was acquainted with some medical men who, having attended one of the imperial family, and not having succeeded in their treatment of the case, received a severe flogging, by the Emperor's command, and, still smarting from the lashes, were sent to prison, loaded with heavy chains. Fortunately for them, another member of the imperial family was taken ill, and they were ordered to attend the patient during the whole of his illness, without, however, being freed from their chains. Having succeeded this time in effecting a cure, they were set free, but on condition that they must continue to wear round their necks a small chain fastened with a clasp, as a warning for the future. Taught by these and many other similar occurrences, the Jesuits who were in the Emperor's service as mathematicians, painters, watch-makers, surgeons, or in any other capacities, would never undertake to serve him as physicians."

The good father was soon introduced to the Emperor; he felt some reluctance when called upon to perform the ko-tow, but finally submitted, and was appointed painter to the house-hold. Among the Chinese customs he was most favorably impressed with the profound reverence of the young towards the aged, and he relates the following anecdote in illustration of the extent to which it was carried:—

"One day as I was talking in my house with a mandarin who had come to pay me a visit, his son arrived from a distant part of the empire upon some business relating to the family. When he came in we were seated, but he immediately went down upon one knee before his father, and in this position continued to speak for about a quarter of an hour. I did not move from my chair, till, by the course of conversation, I discovered who the person was, when I suddenly arose, protesting to the mandarin that I would stand unless he allowed his son to sit down also. A lengthened contest ensued, the father saying that he would quit his seat if I continued to stand; I myself declaring that it was impossible for me to sit while his son was kneeling; and the son protesting that before his father he must remain on his knees. At last, however, I overcame every scruple, and the mandarin signified to his son by a sign that he might be seated. He instantly obeyed, but he retreated to a corner of the room, where he timidly seated himself upon the edge of a chest. A year after this, the son again came to visit me, having now become a mandarin himself. I offered him the seat of honour which was due to him, but he refused it, saying that it did not become him to take the same seat which, as I might remember, his father had occupied the year before. Accordingly, when an emperor dies, his son never sits upon the same throne, but upon that which had been used by his grandfather."

Ripa's account of the treatment of women in China adds some curious particulars to the statements given by other travellers:—

"The Chinese women live entirely shut up by themselves in a remote apartment of their houses. Among persons of rank they are seldom allowed to go out, unless it be during the rejoicings of the new year, and even then they are shut up in sedans. They are indeed kept so strictly that they are not permitted to speak even with the father or the brothers of their husbands, much less with their uncles, or any other man, however close may be the relationship. Upon the occasion of the new year, the wife goes with her husband to perform the above-mentioned ceremonies and homage before her father-in-law and her own parents. She also performs these duties on the birthdays of the same relatives; and except on these days, her father-in-law is not allowed either to speak to her or enter her chamber. And here I will not omit a description of a practice which, while it proves the excellent social order of the Chinese, caused me to smile when I heard of it. If a man, for careless conduct or any other fault, considers it his duty to correct his daughter-in-law, as he cannot, according to the custom of the country, either enter her room or speak to her, and much less beat her, he summons his son before him, and after reproaching him with the faults of his wife, he bids him prostrate himself, and inflicts a severe flogging upon him. The son then rises upon his knees, and, touching the ground with his forehead, thanks his father for the castigation; after which he goes to his wife, and repeats the correction exactly, giving her the same number of blows that he received from his father. * * * At the tender age of three months, female infants have their feet bound so tightly that the growth of this part of the body is entirely stopped, and they cannot walk without hobbling and limping, and if upon any occasion they endeavour to quicken their pace, they are in danger of falling at every step. Even when walking at a slow pace, they find it impossible to balance their bodies upon a support so small and disproportionate, and are consequently obliged to walk like ducks, waddling about from right to left. In cases of marriage, the parties not being able to see each other, it is customary to send the exact dimensions of the lady's foot to her intended, instead of sending him her portrait, as we do in Europe."

The fondness of the Chinese for their scanty beards is amusingly illustrated in the following anecdotes:—

"The Chinese do not shave; but their beards are so thin that the hairs might be counted: the few they have, however, they value even to ridicule. Father Perreyra having once perceived a white hair on the face of a mandarin, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, hastened to pluck it out, supposing that he did him a service. The mandarin, on the contrary, was both vexed and grieved at the loss; and picking up the hair, he wrapped it carefully in a piece of paper, and took it home. The Emperor himself was not exempt from this weakness. He once commanded Father Rod, who acted as his surgeon, to cure him of a boil that had formed upon his face. Father Rod prescribed a plaster, saying that, in order to apply it properly, it would be necessary to cut off a few hairs from his Majesty's beard; and the Emperor, after a long consultation with his looking-glass, ordered the most dexterous of his eunuchs to cut them. Immediately after the operation he looked at himself again, and, with marks of deep grief, he bitterly reproved the eunuch for having so grossly blundered as to cut off four hairs when three would have been quite enough."

Ripa had an early opportunity of judging by personal suffering of the skill of the Tartar surgeons:—

"I was commanded to follow the Emperor to his country residence, together with Father Tilisch, in the capacity of a mathematician; Father Rod, in that of a surgeon; Father Parrenin, and Don Pedrini, as interpreters. We all set out together on horseback, but, before we were out of the city, my horse slipped, and I was instantly thrown, receiving frightful wounds in my head and other parts of my body. As my companions did not dare to stop, they recommended me to the care of two heathens, and left me fainting in the street, where I remained in this state for a considerable time. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but everything appeared dark and indis-

ting, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The Emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the piamater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that, if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. 'This,' said the Chinese Esculapius, 'by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards.' The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burned cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hufan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary."

Ripa's employments afforded him opportunities of seeing the Emperor in private, particularly during the time that he and the sculptor Scipiel were engaged in preparing decorations for the palace at Je-hol. The nature of the imperial amusements may be estimated from the following specimen:—

"According to a custom strictly observed in China, the Emperor cannot inhabit the apartments which were occupied by his parents, nor use the throne of his predecessor; and as his Majesty's mother had died a few years before, Scipiel and I were commanded to take possession of her empty house. It consisted of a small parlour, and a few other apartments; and was built within a small garden, at the top of a delightful little promontory, which commanded a lake of some extent. By bringing the water of the river which flows close by Je-hol into his gardens, the Emperor had formed the lake, and a number of canals, which were plentifully stocked with fresh-water fish. On the other side of the lake there was a cottage opposite to our own, whither his Majesty often retired to study, accompanied by some of his concubines. As the windows in China are as high and broad as the rooms themselves, and in summer are kept wide open on account of the heat, through the holes in ours, which were framed with paper, I saw the Emperor employed in reading or writing, while these wretched women remained sitting upon cushions as silent as no vices. Through these holes I also observed the eunuchs while they were engaged in various ways of fishing. His Majesty would then sit in a superb little boat, with five or six concubines at his feet, some Tartar and others Chinese: all dressed in their national costumes. The boat was always followed by many others, all loaded with ladies. When the Emperor's presence was required in the outer palace on some business, he generally went by water; and, as he necessarily passed under my window, I also saw him. He always came in a boat with some concubines, and with a train of other boats loaded with ladies. On reaching the spot where, by a secret door, he entered the room in which he gave audience, he left the concubines behind, in charge of the eunuchs. I saw him several times about the gardens, but never on foot. He was always carried in a sedan chair, surrounded by a crowd of concubines, all walking and smiling. Sometimes he sat upon a high seat, in the form of a throne, with a number of eunuchs standing around him; and, watching a favourable moment, he suddenly threw among his ladies, grouped before him on carpets of felt, artificial snakes, toads, and other loathsome animals, for the purpose of seeing them scamper away with their crippled feet. At other times he sent some of the ladies to gather filberts and other fruits upon a neighbouring hill and pretending to be craving for some, he urged on the poor lame creatures with noisy exclamations until some of them fell to the ground, when he indulged in a loud and hearty laugh. Such were frequently the recreations of his Imperial Majesty, and particularly in the cool of the summer evenings. Whether he was in the country, or at Peking, he saw no other company but his ladies and eunuchs; a manner of life which, in my opinion, is one of the most wretched, though the worldly consider it as the height of happiness."

The death of this emperor was followed by a new system of policy, so vexatious and perplexing, that Ripa resolved to return to Europe. He took with him four young Chinese, to be educated in Naples, and afterwards sent back as missionaries to their native country. The arrival of these strangers appears to have excited much attention in London, and George I. admitted them and their director to a private interview.

"We had been but a few days in London, when, one evening, on returning to our inn, I was informed that the ambassador had been to visit me. Being much surprised at this unexpected honour, I did not fail to pay my respects to him; on which occasion he signified to me that the King desired to see us. Accordingly, a few days after, we all six repaired to the palace, where his Majesty, in the presence of the royal family and the lords of his court, conversed with us for about three hours, and appeared so much interested that a certain great Protestant bishop who was present complained to some of the nobility. At length the King, becoming fatigued with the long audience, commanded that the Chinese should dine at the table which was laid daily for the lords of his court, and that I should dine with the Duchess of Arlington, his relation. This was so ordered by his Majesty because that lady had begged permission to entertain us all. It pleased the King to honour us still further in

various ways which it is not necessary for me here to describe; but I will not omit to state that, after all the property which we brought from China had been examined by the proper officers of the customs, it was transferred, by his Majesty's order, and free of all expense, to the ship that was to carry us to Italy. With respect to certain other duties payable to the East India Company, the directors not only remitted them, but invited me to their public meeting, and showed themselves ready to assist me in any way. They even asked me to dine with them, and sent some soldiers to escort our goods to the ship. Thus all our property left England without incurring any expense or suffering the least damage. Had we been obliged to pay the duty, it would have amounted to more than one hundred pounds. At the last audience of the King, which was in the presence of the Duchess of Arlington, and lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until midnight, his Majesty made me accept a present of fifty pounds sterling."

On his return to Naples Ripa devoted himself to founding a College for Chinese students, and to the education of the young men he had brought to Europe. He records with very excusable pride the creditable answering of his pupils when examined in Rome, and adds an anecdote equally creditable to the wit and piety of one of these young Chinese:—

"On this occasion Cardinal Petra, turning to John In, said, he wished to make him a bishop, and the young priest replied he would rather be a cardinal. As his Eminence looked astonished at this answer, of which he had not immediately understood the meaning, John In, taking hold of the cardinal's cloak, added, 'When I say I would rather be a cardinal than a bishop, I not mean with such garments as those of your Eminence, but with my own black ones dyed with my own blood shed for the sake of Christ.' This reply was much admired by all the bystanders, and indeed by all Rome, throughout which it soon spread."

The Chinese college at Naples, founded by Father Ripa, is still in existence; and it is not uninteresting to know, that Lord Macartney, when sent as ambassador to China, obtained two interpreters from that institution.

LORD METCALFE.

The subject of the following brief Memoir, Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, was born on the 30th of January, 1785; he succeeded his elder brother, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, in the Hereditary Baronetcy in 1822, was created Knight Grand Cross of the Bath by His late Majesty William IV. in 1835, and was called to the Privy Council by our present Gracious Sovereign in 1839.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this biographical sketch to enter at length into the earlier incidents of his life. It may suffice to state that he was educated at Eton, where he gave early indications of a thirst for knowledge, and that love of literature which has ever been his favorite pursuit.

Sir Charles Metcalfe received his first appointment in the Civil Service of the East India Company, from his father, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart. M.P., who was also a member of the Court of Directors, in 1800; he sailed for India in the June of that year, and arrived in Calcutta in January, 1801.

After studying the oriental languages for some time in the College at Fort William, then recently founded by the Marquis of Wellesley, at that time Governor-General, he was, towards the close of 1801, appointed Assistant to the Envoy to the Arab States, and subsequently Assistant to the Resident at the Court of the Mahratta Chief, Dowlut Rao Sindheea. In 1802 he was appointed Assistant to the Chief Secretary to the Supreme Government; in 1803 Assistant in the Office of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Wellesley. In 1804 he was permitted, at his own request, to join the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Lake, in the field, and attended him as Assistant in Diplomatic Affairs during the campaigns of 1804, 5 and 6.

During the time that he was attached to Lord Lake's army Sir Charles Metcalfe invariably accompanied the Commander-in-Chief into action; his cool gallantry under fire was always conspicuous, and he was amongst the first who entered the breach, at the storming of the strong Citadel of Deeg, where the enemy made a most gallant resistance.

In 1806 he was deputed by Lord Lake as Envoy to the Mahratta Chief, Jowaut Rao Holkar, then at Amritser, in the Punjab, who, driven to that position, had previously been forced to conclude the peace which put an end to the Mahratta War of 1803, 4, 5 and 6. In the course of the latter year he was appointed First Assistant to the Resident at Delhi.

In 1808 he was selected by the Governor-General, Lord Minto, and deputed as Envoy to the Court of Runjeet Singh, the Ruler of Lahore and the Punjab, and as such he negotiated a treaty with the Prince which established those amicable relations between the British Government and him, that lasted without interruption during the whole of his long and eventful reign.

In 1809 he was selected by the same Governor-General to accompany His Lordship as Deputy Secretary on an important Mission to Madras.

In 1810 he was appointed Resident at the Court of the Mahratta Chief, Dowlut Rao Sindheea, and in 1811 Resident at Delhi, at that time the highest diplomatic office in India, including the Government of the Delhi Territories, and all the relations with the Afghan, Seikh, Rajpoot, and Jaut Chiefs, and also the celebrated and powerful Chief Holkar.

In 1818 he was called to the capital to assume the duties of Secretary to the Supreme Government in the Secret and Political Departments, and Private Secretary to the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings.

In 1820 he was appointed Resident at the Court of the Nizam of the Dekkan, where he remained till called upon again in 1825 to proceed to his former post at Delhi, in consequence of difficulties then existing in that quarter. He accompanied the army, under the Commander-in-chief, Lord Combermere, to the siege of Bhurtpour, which was taken by assault, and tranquillity again restored to that part of India.

In 1827 he was summoned by appointment from the Court of Directors to a seat in the Supreme Council at Calcutta, and on the termination of five years, the usual period of service in that office, he was re-appointed thereto for two years more.

In 1834 he was appointed by the Imperial Government and the Court of Directors to be the first Governor of the New Presidency of Agra, and in 1835 succeeded Lord William Bentinck, as Governor-General of India and Governor of Bengal, under the provisional appointment usually made, which will be more fully explained hereafter.

From those arduous duties he was relieved in 1836 by the arrival of Lord Auckland, at whose desire and that of the Court of Directors, he resumed the Government of the Territories included in the Presidency of Agra, and the political relations in the North West of India, under the new title of Lieutenant-Governor of the North Western Provinces in India, the Presidency of Agra having been discontinued.

Sir Chas Metcalfe continued in this highly important office until 1836, when

he ultimately resigned it, retiring at the same time from the service of the East India Company, and returning to his native country, after an absence of thirty-eight years.

The causes which led to the voluntary retirement of Sir Chas. Metcalfe from the service of the East India Company, where he had been so long and so honorably distinguished, are but imperfectly understood by many of the people of Canada, and as they are such as reflect the highest honor upon his character as a statesman of liberal and enlarged views, it is but justice that they should be more fully explained here.

When Acting Governor-General he had in Council passed a law granting full and unrestricted liberty to the press throughout India; this measure, which he considered imperatively called for, in consequence of the many restrictive, irreconcilable, and inconsistent rules and enactments which existed in various parts of the country, was not approved of by either the Imperial Government or the Court of Directors, and although its justice and wisdom have since been abundantly proved, yet Sir Chas. Metcalfe was in 1837 made aware that it was considered a bar to his further promotion.

Although perfectly satisfied with the important office which he then held, he did not think it consistent with the duty and self-respect which was due to himself to remain in the public service with the impression alluded to; he therefore requested of the Court of Directors to intimate to him whether he had been correctly informed as to their feelings and views towards him.

The answer of the Court of Directors, although extremely courteous, neither admitted nor denied the correctness of the information which had been previously received, and being consequently unsatisfactory, Sir Chas. Metcalfe resigned office, and retired from the service of the Company, as before stated.

It is customary on the part of the Imperial Government and the East India Company to name, as Provisional Governor-General, one of their most approved Public Servants, who, in case of sickness, death, or any other casualty, preventing the Governor-General's acting, is duly authorised to assume the functions and exercise the authority which belongs to that high station; and it redounds highly to the honour both of Sir C. Metcalfe and the Court of Directors that on the three several occasions he was the party selected by them to occupy that distinguished position.

It was long the fashion with the detractors of the Duke of Wellington to call him the "Sepoy General," in allusion to his first great successes as a military leader having been obtained in India by and over armies composed of natives of the country.

The brilliant victories, however, which that great warrior afterwards achieved over the armies of France, when commanded by some of her ablest Generals, and finally on the field of Waterloo, over Napoleon himself, have long silenced the tongue of slander, so far as regards his military character.

The detractors of Sir Chas. Metcalfe, actuated by similar motives, have endeavoured to designate him reproachfully as the "Indian Governor;" but, as in the former case, the laurels which he first gathered on the same fields, where many of Britain's noblest and bravest sons have earned an imperishable name, have been but confirmed and increased by every subsequent act of his public life.

On returning to England in 1838, Sir Chas. Metcalfe lived in retirement at his country seat in Berkshire, and had no intention of again entering public life. But the eye of the illustrious statesman who then presided over the national councils was not slow in perceiving the great advantages which the public service would derive from securing the aid of his profound judgment and long experience.

Accordingly the Government of Jamaica (then in a state of all but open insurrection) was tendered to him in the most flattering manner, and he, acting upon the principle that duty to his country was paramount to all other considerations, frankly, but not unfearingly as to the result, accepted it.

When Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived in Jamaica in September 1839, the state of that fine Island was truly deplorable. Torn by intestine faction and domestic dissensions of all kinds, labour had been neglected, trade languished and both individual and public suffering was consequently great.

One of the earliest acts of his administration was to convene the Colonial Parliament and lay before that body a review of the existing state of affairs in the Island. He pointed out to them, kindly but forcibly, the causes which had conducted to create and continue the evils under which they suffered, and urged upon their immediate consideration such measures as would tend to allay excitement and remove discontent.

He assured them of his most cordial co-operation in every means calculated to effect such a salutary change in public sentiment. He informed them that he had authority from the Imperial Government to suspend the constitution of the colony if he deemed such a measure necessary or advisable, but at the same time declared his intention to consider such authority as non-existent, and ended with the assurance that he placed his hopes of re-establishing the happiness and prosperity of the Island upon the wisdom, patriotism, and loyalty which he trusted would govern their deliberations.

The noble simplicity and manly frankness which pervaded this address, and marked his subsequent intercourse with the colonists, could hardly fail to have the desired effect; and it will be an enduring monument to his fame, that all classes of a community, where hopeless discord had hitherto prevailed, were so thoroughly convinced of the entire honesty of purpose and singleness of heart by which he was actuated, that every measure of importance which he recommended to the consideration of the Legislature was passed with a previously unheard-of unanimity.

The happy effects resulting from this wise confidence in the advice of the Governor were soon eminently conspicuous, and it is now a matter of history that the preservation of the peace, happiness, and constitutional liberty of Jamaica, was mainly, if not entirely, owing to the kind and liberal policy which distinguished his administration.

As soon as he was of opinion that he could again seek the retirement which he loved, without injury to the public service, Sir Chas. Metcalfe resigned the Government of Jamaica, and returned to England in July, 1842.

Such a scene as took place upon his departure from the Island had seldom, if ever, been witnessed there. The population, without distinction, turned out to bid an affectionate farewell to their beloved Governor, and he was accompanied into his retirement by the prayers and blessings of a people whose beautiful country he had, under Providence, been mainly instrumental in rescuing from so many threatened calamities.

It speaks volumes in favour both of the people of Jamaica and of the permanent good effects of Sir Chas. Metcalfe's administration, that long after he had left the colony the Legislature voted the magnificent sum of £5000 to erect a statue to him, and a private subscription to a still greater amount was raised for the purpose of founding a charitable institution, to be called the

Metcalfe Dispensary (which is now in operation); so that his name, and the memory of the blessings conferred by his government, should be perpetuated to all succeeding generations.

It is one of the strongest indications of a high and noble nature when a great minister, intent alone upon the advancement of his country's interests, can, in pursuance of this object, (and over-looking the claims which political supporters may be supposed to have upon him) select to carry out the measures of Government one who, personally unknown to him has a reputation as extended as the limits of the Great Empire which he so long and so faithfully served.

Such was the relative position of Sir Robert Peel and Sir Chas. Metcalfe when the Government of British North America was tendered to the latter. The same sense of duty which actuated him on former occasions prevailed also on this, and he accepted the high trust, with the determination to discharge its duties fully, faithfully, and impartially.

The events which have marked Sir Chas. Metcalfe's Canadian administration are so well known and of such recent occurrence, that any particular notice of them here would perhaps be superfluous. It may not, however, be out of place to advert to his firm and noble refusal to sacrifice the just Prerogative of the Crown, and the rights and liberties of a large portion of the people of Canada, to the demands of a presumptuous and tyrannical faction; to his reply to the Gore Address, which should be printed in letters of gold, and its sentiments treasured in the heart of every loyal man in Canada; to his unbounded liberality and charity, which know no distinction of race or creed; and finally to the stern integrity, impartiality, and love of justice which so pre-eminently distinguish both his public and private character.

Her Majesty has graciously been pleased to raise Sir Chas. Metcalfe to the Peerage, in token of Her high approbation of his long and meritorious services. This mark of approval, coming from so high a source, must of course be extremely gratifying to him; and it is equally certain that the response from every truly British heart in Canada, when informed that the conferring of the proposed honors has been consummated, will be—

"He won them well, And may he wear them long."

Imperial Parliament.

OBSERVANCE OF THE RUBRIC.

House of Lords, Feb. 27.

Earl FORTESCUE, presenting petitions, drew attention to the dissensions in the diocese of Exeter on the subject of Rubrics. He related the history of the matter: Bishop Phillpotts's pastoral letter ordering the use of the surplice in preaching; the ferment which it occasioned; the subsequent retracting that order; and the continued agitation to abolish the use of the surplice even where it had previously excited no dislike. The Rubrics it is in some points impossible to obey: the increase of the population, for instance, would make it absurd to require the Bishop to lay his hand on the head of every separate child in the ceremony of confirmation; many persons are of opinion that the use of a white gown is not more necessary to sound doctrine or discipline, and that the Rubric requiring its use may as well be violated as the one neglected by the Bishop. The penalties, however, on a Bishop or other clergyman for infringing the Rubrics, are, for the first offence, forfeiture of one year's emoluments; for the second, deprivation of promotion and one year's imprisonment; for the third, imprisonment for life. The petitions which he presented, from Exeter, Eltringham near Exeter, and Southmolton, complained that obsolete forms and usages had been revived, and prayed that Parliament would revise and alter the Rubrics; a prayer which he cordially supported. A fourth petition, from the Reverend Dr. Carwithen, represented the difficulties under which a clergyman is placed, between the obligation to fulfil the Rubrics and the repugnance of the laity. He moved that the petitions be printed.

The Bishop of EXETER, as a Spiritual Peer, demurred to the right of the House to a defence from him; but he made a further statement. He described how, on complaints against individuals and the declaration of clergymen that they felt bound to obey the Rubrics, he had been compelled to interfere; and how he had taken counsel of the Chapter of Exeter: two-thirds of that body advised the issue of the pastoral letter, representing that the people would bow to his authority; but he had been disappointed. He cautioned the House, that many persons, even including some clergymen, are desirous of altering the Prayer-Book; some portions of the Liturgy have been violated and set at naught, as being too closely allied to "Popery"; and he had been obliged to proceed against more than one individual, to correct that error. He felt, therefore, that there were grounds for impugning the practice of setting the Rubrics aside. The petition at Southmolton was adopted at the suggestion of Lord Fortescue; and Dr. Phillpotts felt it to be no small advantage to meet Lord Fortescue face to face, and to have the opportunity of asking what this is all about!—(Laughter)—to learn what are those "obsolete forms and usages" to which the petitioners referred. [Lord Fortescue—"The use of the surplice, for instance."] The Bishop went on to say, that he had only read one speech on these matters, not having time to read the newspapers—(A laugh)—and that was a speech by a Judge in the Court of Bankruptcy, one of the highly gifted class comprised in the denomination of barristers of five years standing. (Laughter.) He it was who advised the petitioners of Exeter also to apply to the Queen in Council on the subject of their grievances. In a long speech that gentleman stated that the Queen would be advised by the Archbishops and Bishops, all of whom belong to the Privy Council! (Laughter.) He added that they were styled "Right Reverend" on that account! (Laughter.) And he said that the Queen was the proper person to whom to apply, because of the supremacy in the Church which at the Reformation was transferred from the Pope to the Sovereign. Such, however, was not the case. The "supremacy" of the Pope was an usurpation; and when that was taken away, the Crown only recovered the temporal power which it anciently held at common law: the clergy alone are the holders of the purely spiritual supremacy. Dr. Phillpotts, with a sarcastic allusion to Dr. Carwithen's "state of nervous excitement" at not knowing what to do, denied that there is any single rubric that cannot be obeyed according to the fair letter of the law; and he avowed his willingness to abolish the penalties, imposed at a time when there was a substantial dread of change; but he cautioned the House against further interference. In 1641, that House, then comprising men as earnest in their support of the Liturgy as any now, resolved themselves into a Committee of Religion; within two months after, the effects of their interference with the Liturgy were felt in the punishment of those who fell under its operation; in three years, the House agreed with the Commons to abolish the Book of Common Prayer; and when the Liturgy was abolished, the House of Lords itself was done away with by a vote of the other House. He looked, indeed, to no

such result at the present time; but the House would shrink from a course the pursuit of which their strict constitutional duty was far from imposing on them. He explained the proper course if interposition were necessary; but observed that he did not think it so in the present case.

"To her Majesty in Council belongs the privilege of originating laws and regulations which shall be binding in this respect. But in such cases as those which we are now considering, there have been significant warnings of the unhappy effects resulting from hasty and ill-advised alterations and innovations. The invariable rule, as far as my apprehension guides me, has been for the Crown to issue its commission for an assembly of divines, in order to consult them, and to take the advice and opinion of that body on the subject of initiating any measures affecting the forms of the Liturgy. The Crown always laid the matter before the Convocation; and after the Convocation had decided upon it, Parliament was applied to, in order to give their decision the support of law: Parliament always left it to the spiritual instructors of the Church,—not to the laity, but to those who were appointed by the Divine Head of the Church—to propose, and the lay members of the Church were to signify their assent or dissent; and in the former case it had the force of law. I do hope, that if at any time proceedings of this kind are necessary, they will originate from the Crown."

Lord BROUGHAM agreed in all that had fallen from the Bishop, with a single exception: "I hold the power of Parliament to be paramount in every matter—that over everything in the country, spiritual or temporal, the jurisdiction of Parliament extends. But it is useless to discuss that point; and he would not be able to convince me any more than I should be able to convince him, as he is spiritual and I am lay." He rejoiced to find that there were no matters of greater moment to divide the Church. At one time the forms in question were of substantial importance; now we think differently, and to revive what has fallen into desuetude would only occasion scandal and dissension. The wisest course is to let things go on as they are. The Bishop of Norwich was of opinion that the Rubrics cannot all be obeyed, and deprecated the revival of usages that may grieve tender consciences. The Bishop of London emphatically observed, that the impossibility of obeying some rubrics is no reason for disobeying others. More words passed; but nothing substantial resulted; and eventually, the petitions were ordered to lie on the table.

LETTER OPENING AT THE POST-OFFICE.

House of Commons, Feb. 18.

M. THOMAS DUNCOMBE complained that the inquiry into the charges which he brought against the Government last session, of opening letters at the Post-office, had not been properly investigated; and he made the following motion—

"That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the mode in which letters have been detained, opened, and resealed, at the General or at any Provincial Post-office; and also into the circumstances under which every warrant for that purpose has been issued by any Secretary of State, from the 1st day of January 1840 to the present time; the said Committee to report their opinion thereon to the House, and also whether it is expedient that the practice should be continued."

This motion Mr. Duncombe supported in a speech of great length. Last year, having presented petitions from Mr. Mazzini and other Italian gentlemen, complaining that their letters had been opened, and from Captain Stolzmann, a distinguished Polish officer, he moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the subject; the Committee was carried, but he was excluded from being on it. Being called before the Committee, however, he made these specific charges—

First, that there was a secret department in the Post-office, by which the sanctity of private correspondence was violated, letters opened and resealed, and then sent forward to their destination as if they had never been opened; secondly, that Sir James Graham had exceeded his authority and made an unscrupulous use of it, and had opened more letters than any one of his predecessors; thirdly, that the letters of certain foreign exiles had been opened at the instigation of foreign Powers, and that the contents had been communicated to those Powers; that England had become the spy of foreign despots, and that in consequence several persons had been consigned to imprisonment and death upon the scaffold; fourthly, that the correspondence of foreign Ambassadors had been opened by order of authority in this kingdom; fifthly, that a roving commission had been sent some years ago into the manufacturing districts to ascertain who was writing to whom; sixthly, that the sanctity of his own correspondence had been violated, and that his own letters had been opened by the Secretary of State.

The Committee was bound to tell how far those charges had been proved to be true or false; but not one of the allegations had been contradicted. The Committee went into a vast amount of research as to the ancient practice, but neglected to report what is the existing law; their information, as they approach the nineteenth century, exhibiting increased reserve and concealment. They neglected to investigate the existence of the Secret Office; which, according to a paragraph in the newspapers, was abolished just before the recent meeting of Parliament; though Mr. Duncombe believed, as the lawyers say, that the *venue* only was changed; it matters not whether this prying into letters takes place in St. Martin's-le-Grand or at the Home Office. That Sir James Graham had abused his powers, is proved by the figures: the average number of warrants issued each year on political grounds was eight; in the three years ending with the summer of 1844, it was 44; previously, the greatest number issued was in Lord Sidmouth's time, when, in 1812 and the two next years, 39 warrants were issued. The Committee stated that a warrant for opening Mr. Mazzini's letters was issued on the 1st March 1844, and cancelled on the 3d June: but he could prove that the system of opening Mr. Mazzini's letters was going on from Christmas 1843 to the 13th June 1844. He did not believe that any legitimate warrant was in existence, but that a warrant was fabricated for the purpose of showing to the Committee. Mr. Duncombe referred to the letter of Mr. Mazzini describing how the brothers Bandiera had been entrapped as conspirators at Naples. The report of the House of Lords Committee stated that certain parts of the information derived from a perusal of Mr. Mazzini's letters had been communicated to a foreign Government, with a warning against plots, of which Mr. Mazzini was said to be the centre, to excite insurrection in Italy; but without the names or details that might expose to danger any individual residing in the foreign country to which the information was transmitted. Now, the facts were, that Mr. Mazzini attempted to dissuade those persons from the rash attempt at insurrection, and that the brothers Bandiera were shot: their blood is upon the head of her Majesty's present Ministers. Mr. Mazzini was never examined before the Committee. Neither was Captain Stolzmann. When the Emperor of Russia was in this country, certain exiles, to ingratiate themselves with him, turned

spies and got up stories of intentions to assassinate him. Nothing appeared in the letters of Captain Stolzmann to criminate him, or other gentlemen whom the Committee did not scruple to name, although imperial decrees made the correspondence with exiles a treasonable crime: under such a decree the wife of General Slobinski had been imprisoned on suspicion—only on suspicion—of corresponding with other Polish ladies in exile. Another Polish lady has also been imprisoned for writing to her husband in exile. Another has been imprisoned, and received fifty severe lashes, for corresponding with an exile. Mr. Duncombe went on to reiterate and amplify the remainder of his charges. With respect to the statement that his own letters had been opened, the Committee was totally silent. He could not perceive a greater personal insult to a man, or to the constituency which he represents; and he called on Sir James Graham to justify the opening of his letters. "He has had the meanness, ay and the baseness, to conceal his act, and has not had the courage to avow it." [Amidst the opposition cheering which the words and manner of Mr. Duncombe excited, the Speaker interposed—] Those observations appeared to be very personal; and if so, the honourable Member would no doubt be glad of the opportunity to withdraw them." "Sir, I applied those observations to the right honourable gentleman in his Ministerial capacity; to those observations and those topics I adhere; so they must and shall remain." (Cheers.) To open the letters of a Member of Parliament without the warrant of a Secretary of State, has been declared by the House a breach of privilege; if Sir James Graham had not issued the warrant, other persons had been guilty of breach of privilege, and he should certainly summon them to the bar of the House. Ridiculing what he sarcastically called "the conclusive conclusion" of the Committee's report, which expressed no opinion, he called for a new inquiry, to settle whether the practice should be continued or not.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM denied that Government had made any effort to suppress inquiry. The Committee—consisting of Lord Sandon, Mr. Wilson Patten, Mr. Thomas Baring, Sir William Heathcote, Sir Charles Lemon, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Strutt, the O'Connor Don, and Mr. Hawes—comprised a majority of his political opponents, and some of the most experienced, learned, and honourable Members of the House; before that Committee, having obtained permission of the Sovereign, he laid all the information that he possessed. The Committee of the House of Lords comprised Lord Cottenham, Lord Brougham, Lord Auckland, Lord Colchester, the Bishop of London, Lord Somers, and Lord Colborne: before that Committee he was examined under oath. Both acquitted him of party or personal motives, of "baseness" or "meanness"; and to such charges from Mr. Duncombe he was indifferent. The "Secret Office" at the Post office had not been suppressed by the Home Office: it was connected with the Foreign Department. It was deliberately recognized by Parliament in 1742, and subsequently; and it has been suppressed by the Foreign Office. He admitted that information had been given to disclose an insurrection in Italy which might have compromised the peace of Europe; but no information was given to endanger individuals; and, so far from having entrapped the conspirators, that Government was unprepared to meet the invaders. Sir ROBERT PEEL, later in the debate, followed up this defence, contending that every requirement was satisfied by the ample disclosures that Ministers had made before the Committee; that the responsibility of restoring tranquillity in 1842, and of protecting the Emperor of Russia from any mischance, justified the issue of warrants; and that the House ought not to cast discredit on its own tribunal by granting a new trial.

Mr. HUME having called for the evidence taken by the Committee, Sir ROBERT PEEL replied, that Ministers had obtained permission of the Sovereign to make full disclosures on the understanding that the committee was to be secret.

Mr. SHEIL vehemently called upon Sir James Graham to say whether he had opened Mr. Duncombe's letters; the Opposition echoing the interrogatory with loud cheers. Amid great uproar, Lord SANDON as Chairman of the Committee, interposed the statement, that if he disclosed more than the report he should be guilty of a breach of duty; that the information laid before the Committee was full, complete, and freely given; that the information given in Mr. Mazzini's case had not led to disastrous consequences; and that the names of those who corresponded with Polish refugees had not been communicated. Mr. WARBURTON confirmed this statement as to the free communication of the facts to the Committee; but condemned the practice of opening letters, and was proceeding to question Sir James Graham's discretion in the case of Mr. Mazzini; when he was called to order by Mr. ESCOTT. Sir JAMES GRAHAM again referred to his disclosures before the Committee, but declined to answer Mr. Sheil's questions.

The debate was adjourned till Thursday.

On Wednesday, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES asked whether, when Lord Aberdeen communicated to any foreign Government the fact of a conspiracy at Corfu or any other British possession, the conspirators were warned that they had been watched and denounced; and whether Government or the local authorities at Corfu had taken steps to impede that disastrous expedition? Sir ROBERT PEEL replied, that early last year it was distinctly intimated to this Government, on the part of Austria, that a number of Italian refugees and others, subjects of Austria, were in the British Mediterranean possessions organizing attempts hostile to the peace of Italy, and of Rome particularly; and that instructions had been given, that, on the occurrence of any insurrectionary movement, the Austrian troops at Milan should move into the Papal States. Lord Aberdeen had conveyed information to Austria touching such designs; but no letter, nor extract of a letter, nor any name of any individual within the power of the Austrian Government. Lord Aberdeen had destroyed the letters that were not official: but he believed that he had never seen any communication that led him to apprehend the expedition from Corfu; he had never communicated to the Austrian, Neapolitan, or Roman Government, any communication whatever respecting any particular design to be directed from Corfu against any part of Italy. In fact, that expedition took Lord Seaton, the Governor of the Ionian Islands, and the authorities of Corfu, quite by surprise; and representations on the subject to Lord Seaton were not made by the Austrian Ambassador until after the boat containing the brothers Bandiera and twenty other conspirators had sailed, on the night of the 12th June. Sir Robert could assure the House, that any impression that the Government had allured those individuals on, or had abstained from giving them notice of their danger when there was the opportunity of so doing, was entirely erroneous, and without foundation.

Before the resumption of the adjourned debate on Thursday, there was more conversation on the Corfu affair, and Sir ROBERT PEEL cleared up some points. Lord Seaton, he said, reported that the brothers Bandiera conducted themselves with great propriety in Corfu: after they had sailed, a mixed application was made to the Governor by the Consuls of Austria, Naples, and Rome, that a steamer might be sent after the boat to bring it back; that was of course re-

fused; but Lord Seaton sent a steam-vessel to Otranto, to enable the Consulate to report to their several Governments the departure of the boat.

The debate was continued at great length. In supporting the motion, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES stated, that he had travelled on the Continent since the disclosures of last year, and they had brought much discredit on this country. He contrasted the present with former times, when Elizabeth gave an asylum to refugees from the tyranny of Philip the Second, and when the French refugees of the Revolution found safety here; and he compared England now with France, where Carlists, Italians, and Poles, equally find refuge, and where M. Guizot has declared, in the Chamber of Deputies, that as far as he knows the communications by post are absolutely secure. In Germany, Mr. Milnes saw bills posted on the walls and heard songs sung derogatory to the English name. The conduct of Government has not been such as to secure them from unfounded suspicions. It was said of old, that Cæsar's wife must not only be pure but be above suspicion; yet if that distinguished personage had taken every opportunity of placing herself in an equivocal position, and had cloaked her simplest proceedings in the gravest mystery, she could scarcely have expected to remain totally above suspicion. As to the affair of Corfu and Mr. Mazzini, Sir Robert Peel's explanations seem satisfactory. But a very grave question is suggested here as to the foreign policy of the Government: it appears that the Austrian Government has nothing to do but to threaten that it will invade Italy, or that it will enter into any independent country, whose independence is fully established, and the consequence will be the immediate submission of the British Minister for Foreign Affairs to favour and encourage such pretensions! Mr. Milnes thought that Mr. Duncombe had a right to demand an answer to his question. He had acquired influence over a large mass of the people, and he had been mixed up with persons who had been suspected, or even some who had come under sentence of the law—[Mr. Duncombe cried, "No; name!"]—Mr. Lovett, for whom Mr. Milnes had a great respect, was one; and therefore there might be a reason for opening his letters; but he had a right to know it. Mr. ROEBUCK put Mr. Duncombe's claim on the Home Secretary, who pleaded that he acted on his "responsibility," in this shape—Sir James had a right to issue a warrant on his responsibility; he had a right to say that he would not tell when or what was the advice on which he issued the warrant; but he had no right to say to that House that he would not tell them whether or not he had issued a warrant; and the resolution then before them was to make him responsible to that House. Mr. Roebuck stated, that if he chose to follow Mr. Duncombe's example, he might say that some of his own letters had been opened—at the beginning of 1837, and in 1838. Mr. CHARLES BULLER enlivened the pleadings for the motion with a number of pleasant sallies. He likened Sir James Graham, talking, with folded arms, in tones of solemn deprecation, about public duties not allowing him to reveal the secret—about no force compelling it from his breast, and so forth—to "Socrates before his judges." Sir James Graham's situation was remarkably disagreeable,—to be questioned, and cross-questioned, night after night, all the while feeling internally the full certainty that he would get the worst of it; for in their struggles, though Mr. Duncombe is not so big a man, the right honourable Baronet is invariably thrown in the dirt. Mr. Buller was surprised that Sir James Graham should not have seen that. He was more surprised at Sir Robert Peel: he thought he had more sense in these matters than to take it in dudgeon—making matters worse by allusions to 1842—quoting dreadful passages from the speeches of Mr. Villiers and others. Mr. Buller had not so lively a personal recollection of events in 1735, which Sir Robert Peel seemed to think necessary; but he did recollect what took place in 1842: at that time Sir Robert Peel said that there was a vast deal of exaggeration about those speeches, and placidly assured Members that they might go home to their grouse-shooting and "other duties" without the least alarm; but he now reproduces, with thrilling effect, those dreadful statements! Among them was one of a diabolical conspiracy among certain little children to put pins into their work: did he mean that the honourable Member for Finsbury was mixed up with the diabolical machinations of the certain little children? And the Queen is called to the rescue: some of the evidence was given by members of the Privy Council, and their evidence cannot be disclosed without the Queen's consent! Why, if they were to ask the Queen's leave, she would in turn ask her responsible advisers whether she should give it or not. If therefore Sir James Graham's mouth was hermetically sealed, he had asked her Majesty to shut it for him. Yet it is not easy to understand how her Majesty could be brought to this: her Majesty, if she felt that the right honourable Baronet's popularity was one of the great bulwarks of her throne, must needs wish that popularity not to be lessened any further by his remaining in the unpleasant position of not being able to give a simple explanation of the matter put to him—a short answer to a plain question.

Mr. JAMES WORTLEY was both the first and the most ardent of the evening in opposing the motion. He declared the power of opening letters to be perfectly constitutional, since originally the office of conveying letters lay exclusively with the Crown; and the practice is universal in every state of Europe. If Mr. Duncombe meant that there had been no warrant from the Secretary of State, his course should have been to impeach the Government. He did not wish to draw invidious comparisons; but in 1831 and 1832, we saw riots increase till cities were in flames; in 1837, tumults swelled to treason; and in 1839, a conspiracy was discovered in Yorkshire of so dangerous a nature that hand grenades and infernal machines were produced in a court of justice. Suppose a letter from a ringleader of those disturbances had been found: was it not to be opened because it was addressed to a Member of Parliament? Sir James Graham merited the eternal gratitude of the country for his conduct during the insurrection in the North. To prove that the practice of opening letters has been common at different times and in different countries, Sir Robert Inglis told an anecdote. Not very long ago the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs wrote a letter to the British Minister at a Foreign Court, instructing him to demand his passports unless he obtained a certain concession: that letter was sent through the post: another letter, sent by a private channel, told the Ambassador that the former letter was only written to be opened in the post-office of the foreign country,—giving him further instructions: the concession was granted. Mr. Sidney Herbert made a brief and nervous speech; describing Sir James Graham as a man with his hands tied, and thus struck at; and calling upon the house of Commons not to lend itself to—he would not say cowardly, but personal and invidious persecution. Lord Sandon reminded the House, that the report described the Committee as having examined all the political warrants issued by the Secretaries of State for the last twenty-two years, and as satisfied that in the issue Ministers had been guided by no motive but anxiety to maintain the public peace.

Several Members declared that they could not vote for the motion in its original terms; though they gave Mr. Duncombe a hearty support on part of his proposition. Early in the evening, Mr. Macaulay enunciated that view; say-

ing that he could not vote for the resolution, because that and the speech of the mover implied censure on the Secret Committee, in which he did not concur. Moreover, he did not see the necessity for further inquiry into the general subject, which he thought already ripe for legislation. He could perceive no distinction between a letter received and one in transit—the secrets of both should be equally sacred; and he regarded the seizure of the letter as equivalent to a seizing of paper's in a man's house. He would leave with the Secretary of State power to take and open any letter; but he would require him, after a certain fixed time, to send that letter, unless retained in order to some judicial proceeding, with a stamp showing that it had been opened. Surprising seizure of letters and such espionage may be convenient: torture has been useful in detecting great crimes; but that is no sufficient reason why it should be reintroduced into our jurisprudence. The experience of many years shows that the benefits arising from the strict observation of the security and secrecy of private life, without the exercise of arbitrary power, much more than counterbalance all the advantages to be derived from a contrary system. Setting aside the general question, and limiting the view to the simple charge of opening Mr. Duncombe's letters, he seemed entitled to enquiry. Last year Ministers professed to constitute the Committee on new principle of peculiar fairness; excluding members of the Government, of the late Government, and Mr. Duncombe—all the parties "interested"; but in the Committee of the Lords they did not scruple to admit members of both Governments; showing that in the Commons their object was to exclude Mr. Duncombe. Every Member of Parliament ought to be regarded as a part of "the grand inquest of the nation": that he is liable to receive perhaps hotheaded complaints of grievance, shows that he does his duty: such correspondence ought to be peculiarly sacred from inspection. If Mr. Duncombe had compromised the safety of the State, he ought no longer to be a Member of Parliament: if innocent, the least reparation to him was fair inquiry and frank acknowledgment. Mr. Ward also was for limiting the inquiry to Mr. Duncombe's case: believing the power of opening letters under proper checks necessary to a government and disliking the gross exaggerations which had been indulged in against Sir James Graham. He suggested that some Member of more influence than himself should move an amendment thus restricting the inquiry. Lord John Manners enforced that view; deprecating the notion that any vote relating to questions personal to an individual Member was to be made the touchstone of "confidence" in Ministers; for then, the sooner some new Cromwell came in and said, "Take away that bauble," the better. Mr. Bernal did not wish to rest the case on technicalities and privilege—those were best tried in a court of law: but he wished Mr. Duncombe to take the high ground afforded by the responsible and useful situation of a Member of Parliament, who belongs to his constituency. In passing, he explained that Mr. Duncombe could exercise his privilege of calling the officers of the Post-office to the bar and requiring them to produce their justification. Lord Howick expressed his concurrence in what had fallen from Mr. Macaulay, and moved the amendment suggested by Mr. Ward. He strenuously contended for the necessity of enabling every Member of Parliament freely to communicate with others upon public affairs. Mr. Wortley's speech showed that the inquiry was more necessary than ever. It had been said that it might not have been letters of Mr. Duncombe's writing that were opened, but letters directed to him: they were equally his letters. And if a judgment was to be formed from his public opinions and expressions against the Government, a celebrated speech about "birds of prey," in 1830, might have pointed out Sir James Graham to the Home Secretary of that time, Sir Robert Peel, as a person whose letters it would be proper to look into. But Lord Howick condemned altogether the principle that a Minister is to judge when a Member's letters are to be inspected. He moved the following amendment—

"It having been alleged by a Member of this House in his place, that letters addressed to him have been detained at the Post-office and opened before being delivered to him, that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire whether this allegation is true; and if so, by what authority and upon what grounds such detention and opening of post-letters has been sanctioned."

This was seconded by Mr. DISRAELI, in a somewhat discursive speech of historical allusions, and bantering professions of respect for Sir Robert Peel; which provoked occasional laughter. He warned the House not to be frightened, as he once was and as young Members still are, by Sir Robert Peel's playing the choleric gentleman and thumping the red box on the table; he would not eat them up—nor resign.

Just after midnight, Mr. COLLETT moved the adjournment of the debate; but Sir Robert Peel resisted—he wanted to finish that night. Lord John Russell supported the Premier; and the motion was negatived, by 269 to 29; several Opposition Members having left the House, in the expectation of an adjournment. Under those circumstances, Sir Robert Peel yielded to the wish of other Members, and the debate was adjourned till Friday.

In the House of Commons on Friday night, the concluding debate on the Post-office affair maintained its exclusiveness of dimension—the main report of it in the *Morning Chronicle* occupies 28 feet 8 inches, small type, besides a summary of 3 feet. The same beaten ground was retraced, with scarcely a new idea in the way of argument. The Solicitor-General touched upon the law of the matter, but avowed that he did not consider the real question to turn upon that; and he made his most telling hit in an attack upon Mr. Disraeli; the reason for whose animosity to Sir James Graham was to be discovered in the confession that the home Secretary had always treated him with kindness and courtesy. To such personalities the whole interest of the debate was limited. Mr. Cochrane called upon Mr. Duncombe to say how he obtained information that his letters had been searched. Lord Claude Hamilton drove that question home. It was publicly stated that Mr. Duncombe had gained his information from certain agents of the Post-office, who were open to certain influence; and that he had encouraged them, by administering to those influences, to commit a breach of duty. This, it was stated, was the reason why he declined to produce his witnesses before the Committee unless he were present in the Committee-room to protect them. Sir Robert Peel emphatically disclaimed the smallest intention to impute to Mr. Duncombe connexion with the disturbances of 1842; to do so, while claiming to keep silence as to his question, would have been taking a most ungenerous advantage. He then turned to strike at Mr. Disraeli, who had accused him of simulating "choler": it is very possible also to affect calmness and feel rancour, and he gave Mr. Disraeli full credit for sincerity in his bitterness. The honourable Member affected to support the amendment in a spirit not hostile to Government: "Give me," exclaimed the Premier,

"Give me the avowed, erect, and manly foe;
Firm I can meet, perhaps return the blow;
But of all plagues which Heaven in wrath can send,
Save me, oh save me from a candid friend!"

Mr. Disraeli had thrown out a reflection that Sir Robert Peel had confessed friendship for a gentleman, a member of the present Government, who was implicated in Colonel Despard's plot to assassinate King George the Third. That was levelled at Mr. Bonham; and was utterly unfounded. In a letter to Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Bonham stated that he was at the time a boy of sixteen; and he supposed the story had originated in the fact that under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1799, his half-brother, fifteen years older than himself, was confined in the Tower with Lord Cloncurry. Mr. Disraeli made a most ample expression of regret for an unpremeditated misrepresentation, provoked by a taunting cheer from Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Duncombe withdrew his own motion, in favour of Lord Howick's amendment. On a division, the amendment was negatived, by 240 to 145; majority against a second inquiry, 95.

Mr. Duncombe gave notice, that on Tuesday he should move that certain officers of the Post-office attend at the next meeting of the House, to state by what authority they had detained, delayed, or opened his letters.

House of Commons, Feb 28.

Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE renewed his complaint of letter-opening at the Post-office. He explained that he did not know that his own letters had been opened until July; when Mr. Mazzini informed him that an officer of the Post-office had said to him, "Why should Mr. Duncombe complain in Parliament of the Government opening your letters? He had better look to the villanies practised on his own, addressed to him at the Albany." The letters were opened in 1842: none of them were of a treasonable nature; but there was one from Mr. Feargus O'Connor, reporting the progress of the Nottingham election. He pledged his word, as a Member of the House, that the parties connected with the Post-office, whom he should call to the bar as his witnesses, had not been corrupted by him. He moved that Lieutenant-Colonel Maberly, the Secretary of the Post-office, should be ordered to bring with him two books—the President's order book and the Inspector's order-book for 1842.

Ministers still resisted the motion, with the old argument—that the Secret Committee had disposed of the matter. Sir James Graham, in a speech of much length and solemnity, declared, that in the official exercise of a painful duty he could not, as Mr. Buller said, answer a civil question by a plain answer. He referred to his former intimacy with Mr. Duncombe, which had previously been alluded to—

"It did not commence with us. I may say that it was transmitted from our forefathers through several generations. It is, therefore, with infinite pain that I have ever found myself placed in opposition to that honourable gentleman. He and I certainly have been very intimate; many joyous days and many convivial nights have we spent together. But I must be permitted to say that our intimacy was not of a political association." He would not criticize Mr. Duncombe's course. "But I am bound to say, that no circumstance in the exercise of my official duty has in any way or at any time come to my knowledge with respect to the conduct of that honourable gentleman, which is in the least degree inconsistent with his loyalty to her Majesty or his duty as a Member of this House." "I do remember our former intimacy; and I have a respect and a regard for him which nothing he can say or do in a moment of anger can ever shake."

The motion was supported and opposed by many who had taken part in the former debates; with little change excepting in Lord John Russell, who said that Sir James Graham's declaration had altered the case, as affecting a Member's honour, and that he should vote against the motion.

The motion was negatived by 188 to 113.

THE FORMATION OF CORAL ISLANDS.

We may well suppose, that it would be a beautiful and a wonderful sight, could we contemplate, in its native locality, a mass of madrepore, even of the dimensions here delineated, covered with its living investment, and feeding itself by the agency of countless mouths, each endowed with separate life and distinct power of action; slowly precipitating from the surrounding sea cretaceous particles wherewith to build its stony fabric; gradually constructing layer by layer, and stratum upon stratum, the elaborately-formed polypary, or skeleton peculiar to its species. But let us not circumscribe our ideas within these petty limits; rather let us give our fancy free scope; for widely indeed must we stretch our imagination if we are at all to appreciate the importance of the class of animals we are now considering. Let us endeavour to picture to ourselves an extent of the bed of the ocean, spacious as these realms that we inhabit, carpeted with living plants; every blade of grass and every flower instinct with life, and all the vast expanse busily engaged in deriving from the surrounding water materials for subsistence: let us consider that, from age to age, the wide-spread scene is building up, by constant precipitation from the sea, a rocky territory, co-extensive with itself, and then we shall perceive that, in the course of time, even these almost unknown members of the animal creation may perform achievements at which the boldest mind is startled when it comes to survey what they have accomplished. Gradually, the accumulating pile rises towards the surface of the sea; and, at length after the lapse of ages, portions of the rocky fabric show themselves above the waves. Here further growth is checked: the polyps cannot live beyond the point where water freely reaches them, from whence they may derive the means of nutriment, and thus they perish. Still the structure reared becomes a nucleus, round which materials may be gathered; and the multitudes of zoophytes, still living and still acting, swell its bulk, and add continually materials near the edge of the increasing reef. The storm tears up the dirt and sand and sea-weed from the deep to heap it on the summit of the nascent island. Animal and vegetable substances are slowly, but constantly, thrown upon the new formed rock, and, being entangled among the coral, perish. These decay, and, by decomposition, form a mould fit to support the growth of plants. Seeds arrive, brought there by accident, or by the visits of migrating birds, which soon taking root, become the germs of future vegetation, till, at length, islands, both broad and long, and richly wooded, stretch, where all was once deep sea. Man comes at last, and with him fit inhabitants to people these new countries—regions snatched from ocean by the silent toil of beings such as those we have described. Turn we, however, nearer home. Our native mountains, and our limestone rocks, tell us of agencies not less stupendous. Do we not find, imbedded in the ragged cliffs, and high above the level of the sea, countless remains of madrepores conformable, in every circumstance, to those at present in existence, and to which the naturalist gives names, and classifies their skeletons as easily as those of recent times, although now buried in the solid stone, of which they form a part, and found quite in the centre of a country such as ours? Here again we must not judge the grand phenomena of Nature's operations by the low and puny standard of our usual thoughts: no ordinary figures serve to paint convulsions so terrific and sublime as those

that piled the treasures of the deep upon our highest hills. Fancy beneath the ocean's bed, encrusted thick with ponderous strata of these madrepores, that there exist volcanic fires; huge furnaces that rage in *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, and reach, perhaps, beneath the wide Atlantic, to the mighty chain of burning mountains that extends throughout the Andes—ay, and far beyond! Some accident, or earthquake, opens a wide chasm in the bottom of the deep; the sea itself pours through the yawning fissure, and leaps down into the fiery gulf; the imprisoned steam produced by such a dread catastrophe, putting its Titan shoulders to the vault above, heaves up the vast incumbent roof, rocks, corals, shells, and all.

"Mountains huge upheave their broad, bare backs into the clouds," soon to become centres of realms and empires, though, at first built at the bottom of the sea by these poor zoophytes.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

A pretty time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! I shouldn't have locked up the coals, indeed? If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home,—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow,—and now it's gone. I can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on? And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. Why did I keep awake? How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water? for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!"

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle! but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for I won't."

"Wish you were out of the world? Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ain't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. That will do no good. That won't bring back the leg of pork,—and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed,—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed, that I left the key in the cupboard—and I knew it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort: you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow."

"There's only the bare-bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without,—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it."

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint—"

And mumbling the syllables, says MR. CAUDLE'S MS., she went to sleep.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Great News!—On Tuesday last, those oysters, the uproused and merry men of Parliament (oysters, because, for one mouth that gives forth a pearl, fifty show you a beard) remarked with unusual unanimity,

"It is our opening day."

The Downing-street management succeeded in effecting an engagement (for that day only) with

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

who appeared as "The Queen" (upon that occasion), and was supported by Prince Albert and the whole strength of the Conservative company. We are enabled, exclusively, to publish

THE QUEEN'S OWN SPEECH

On opening the Session of 1845.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I continue to walk on the Slopes with Prince Albert every fine morning for an hour after breakfast.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales generally rides on a stick round the nursery for the same period, the organ of horsemanship being, ever since his last fall, prominently developed upon his frontal bone.

The other denizens of the Royal nursery are in excellent heart and ease, and will, no doubt, come in time to fill important stations in the *Ways and Means* of Parliament and of the nation.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

My domestic establishment has increased, is increasing, and ought to be supported.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have laid the foundation of a lasting friendship with General Tom Thumb, which I expect will extend, under the favor of a kind Providence, to our children.

My honored uncle, the King of Hanover, persists in pressing his claim to the ownership of certain jewels (which are very uncertain) amongst the ornaments of the Crown of England. Whether they were lent or given as a consideration for the use and enjoyment of the said Crown during the pe-

riod exceeding a century, in which it conferred no small benefits in return, is a question for legal decision. But I rely upon my Parliament that the Crown itself shall receive no injury in this contest. If all pledges of affection are to be mutually relinquished, His Majesty will not object to surrender the pension which he still enjoys as Duke of Cumberland in England, and to pay back the *mesne rates* thereon from the date of his accession in 1837.

The prosperity of the Agricultural community has been an object of much interest to me during the recess. The thinning of the number of hares and rabbits in Bucks and Hampshire, under the auspices of my Royal Consort, and in a great measure by his hand, will be felt as a great relief by the farmers in that district, and operate probably as an example worthy of imitation throughout the kingdom.

I have not been unmindful of the interests of commerce, having devoted an entire day to the ceremonial of opening the new Exchange, and witnessed on that occasion, with much gratification, the prosperity of my good city of London, as displayed in the banquet provided for me at the Guild-hall.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The affairs of the Opera will soon engage your attention. It will be for you principally to see that the best *artistes* shall be employed, and the greatest variety, consistent with the highest attainable excellence of entertainment, provided.

I am happy to state that the most amicable relations subsist between me and most of the crowned heads of Europe. The visits of the Emperor of Russia and the King of the French were auspicious events; and it is a gratifying proof of the good feeling generated in the former case to be assured that the polka has taken a decided and most popular footing amongst all classes of my subjects ever since.

I recommend to your earnest consideration the state of religion in this country, and chiefly with respect to costume. If the officers of my wardrobe can render you any assistance in the inquiries which you will institute upon this all-important subject, they shall be commanded to give you all the information they possess. It will be for you, in conjunction with the spiritual heads of the church, to consider—if preaching in a gown is to be the established rule—how long preaching in a petticoat can be prevented?

The Pope—good old soul!—has, by virtue of a canonical document, kicked up an Irish row in the sister island, for which we are all bound to thank him; such local skirmishes being the best means that have ever yet been devised for maintaining the general tranquillity of that country. I shall, therefore, cause to be laid before you measures for the perpetual supply of irritation, in order to keep my loving subjects in that part of the United Kingdom easy.—(Query,aisy?)

My Lords and Gentlemen,

As we are on the subject of canonical productions, I will now most strenuously advise you all to take in The Great Gun. It is a most orthodox publication. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, although most properly he "cannot see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press," is never without a Great Gun upon his table at Aspley-house.

I have ordered Sir Robert to make your attendance in Parliament as little irksome as possible, and to expedite all the money bills with the utmost diligence and despatch.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

You will now proceed to the consideration of the address.

VIVAT REGINA!

Foreign Summary.

It is said to be in contemplation to create in the University of Brussels a prehistorical museum and professorship.

Eugene Sue has already commenced another novel, to be called the 'Seven Cardinal Sins,' which is to appear when the 'Jew' has ceased his wanderings. M. Sue gets the enormous sum of £4,000 for a novel.

"CAST IRON STEREOTYPE."—Experiments have for some years been in progress, chiefly under the superintendence of Herr Dase, inspector of mines at Richmond, in the Duchy of Brunswick, with a view to make cast iron as the cheaper and more durable material applicable to the preparation of stereotype plates. The success of the experiments is attested by the publication of a cast-iron stereotype edition of the Bible, published at Nordhausen, the price of which, with marginal readings, is 9 ggr. (about 13d.)

THE "TERRIBLE" WAR STEAMER.—This, the largest of her Majesty's steamers yet built, was launched from Deptford, on Thursday, in the presence of nearly 10,000 persons. Some idea may be formed of the great size and capabilities of the Terrible when it is stated that each of her paddle box boats, the invention of Captain Smith, will accommodate or carry 200 men. The engines are to be fitted by Maudslay, Sons, and Field, who were present to witness the launch, and will be of 800 horse power.

HYDRAULIC LOCOMOTIVE.—We have heard much of the successful application of hydraulic pressure to every kind of propulsion, by sea and land. The principle, we understand, is, by means of machinery, to regenerate the power expended, so that every impulse, instead of exhausting, reinforces it; and thus the action is continued with unabated force *ad infinitum*. We are not further informed; and can only add, that the invention has been under the consideration of a government-board, and has seemed to deserve very grave attention.

The celebrated Portland vase, in the British Museum has been destroyed by a madman or a vagabond aping insanity. At a quarter to four o'clock, yesterday afternoon, a loud crash was heard in the room containing the vase; the doors were instantly closed, and the ancient relic was found on the floor, shattered to pieces—the spectators that happened to be near it struck with consternation. A man had suddenly broken it with a large sculptured stone. Taken to Bow Street, and hastily examined, he confessed that he had destroyed the vase; but refused to give his name. He was remanded. On inquiry, it turned out that he lived at a coffee-house in Long Acre, under the name of William Loyd; and that he is an Irishman. He had ninepence in his pocket when seized. The vase, which was valued at 2,000*l.*, was interesting not only for its beauty, but as being a specimen of antique glass. It was found two miles and a half from Rome, in the road leading from Frascati; for two centuries adorned the Barberini Palace at Rome; was bought by Sir William Hamilton; by him sold to the Dutchess of Portland; and deposited in the British Museum by the present Duke.

THE THAMES TUNNEL SURPASSED.—The following extraordinary account is set forth in a letter from Marseilles, in the *Journal des Debats*:—"There has

been long known, or believed, to exist at Marseilles, a tunnel or sub-marine passage passing from the ancient Abbey of Saint-Victoire, running under the arm of the sea, which is covered with ships, and coming out under a tower of Fort Saint-Nicholas. Many projects for exploring this passage have been entertained, but hitherto no one has been found sufficiently bold to persevere in it. M. Joyland, of the Ponts-et-Chaussées, and M. Mathéras, an architect, have however not only undertaken, but accomplished this task. Accompanied by some friends and a number of labourers, they went, a few days ago, to the abbey, and descended the numerous steps that led to the entrance of the passage. Here they were the first day stopped by heaps of the ruins of the abbey. Two days afterwards, however, they were able to clear their way to the other end, and came out at Port Saint-Nicholas, after working two hours and twenty minutes. The structure, which is considered to be Roman, is in such excellent condition, that, in order to put it into complete repair, a cost of no more than 500,000*fr.* will be required; but a much larger outlay will be wanted to render it serviceable for modern purposes. This tunnel is decidedly much finer than that of London, being formed of one single vault of 60 feet span, and one fourth longer."

EXTINCTION OF FIRE.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Thursday, Dr. John Ryan, professor of chemistry, delivered a lecture on fire, for the purpose of noticing an apparatus recently invented by Mr. Philips, of Bloomsbury square, called the fire annihilator. Dr. Ryan commenced his lecture by stating that one of the great objects of the Polytechnic Institution was to bring before the public, and to illustrate, by experiments and models, the discoveries of scientific men. Before he entered upon the subject of the fire annihilator, he endeavoured to explain the nature of combustion and of fire. After explaining the *phlogiston* theory of the earlier chemists, and the more modern views of Lavoisier, and others, the Doctor proceeded to prove, by a number of experiments, that combustion, under all circumstances, is the result of chemical action. A considerable portion of the lecture was afterwards devoted to the consideration of supporters and non-supporters of combustion, or to those conditions which are necessary either to maintain fire or to prevent its action. To illustrate the efficacy of the apparatus, which for a large house is only the size of a small stove, Dr. Ryan kindled a fire in a small model house; when the flame and combustion were most perfect, he introduced a small apparatus, not holding more than two ounces of the material, and in half a minute the fire was completely extinguished. As the apparatus is small, and may be kept charged, on the alarm of fire, it may be carried to any part, and immediately used. It will, no doubt, prove of vast utility in ships. We understand that Dr. Ryan intends to make the fire annihilator the subject of a daily lecture for some time, to afford the public an opportunity of examining the invention.

DIED.—On Tuesday Evening, the 25th inst., aged 26 years, Mary, wife of N. P. Willis, Esq., Editor of the Evening Mirror of this City.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9*1*/₂ a 93-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1845.

The philanthropist, Lord Ashley,—we believe that no one will deny his right to the title,—is again in the field, with the benevolent object of ameliorating the condition of factory children, and furthering the progress of morality among that class of society. The kind heart of his Lordship evidently bleeds at each tale of misery, and his feelings are indignant at each recital of tyranny and oppression. It is to be feared, however, that he either does not take the proper steps to ascertain the correctness of the accounts which reach him, or that he fails to come at the facts necessary for consideration. He reasons also from the bare fact, supposing it to be a fact, but leaves out of view or is not acquainted with all the collateral reasonings which should accompany it. He is a generous unreflecting knight-errant who plunges into the fight, to defend the side which is apparently the weaker, without entering into the merits of the combat. He may be right, he wishes to be right, but he will be chivalrous. No wonder then that when he enters the political or rather the legislative arena with the laudable and benevolent purpose of defeating oppression and conferring benefits, he sometimes finds like the Knight of La Mancha that his giants are windmills, and that the mighty arms apparently threatening destruction are in reality agents in the preparation of food.

Yet the objects of Lord Ashley are so clear, the kind nature which stimulates him is so fully acknowledged, that every motion of his Lordship to these effects is received by the house with unfeigned respect, and has as full a share of fair play and examination as it is capable of receiving. In the case of the Factory children in Calico-Print-Works, the arguments against his principle are strong, numerous, and easy of proof, and we do not suppose the bill will go beyond a second reading; but we think it marks both the good sense and the humanity of the house, to let its strength be tried.

But the conduct of the good Lord Ashley is capable of another view. Whether he be right or wrong in his notions upon these matters, so that he be honest and zealous, he must do good; for the very fact of such subjects being frequently brought before the legislature and the public, tends to repress the extreme of evil in the cases, and is often an incentive to reform or improvement. Offences cannot become generally or grossly injurious; those of long standing gradually become softened, and those which might otherwise increase become checked in their progress. Therefore, although Lord Ashley may be sometimes in error in his projects of social good, he is in heart, eye and in fact also, a public benefactor, and entitled to the gratitude and thanks of the community at large.

Mr. Bright has grappled with a vigorous enemy, in attacking the Game Laws in the House of Commons; we do not doubt, however, that he is fully aware of the difficulties of his task, but as he is evidently a man of nerve and resolution, and is a member of a class remarkable for their inflexible determination in any course they approve, it is highly probable that he may effect something substantial in the matter, though not all that he may wish nor that the case demands.

We need scarcely observe that those laws are among the last and worst relics of the Feudal times. As war was the business, so was hunting the preparation or exercise for war, of the princes and nobles of the middle ages. The Normans loved it to excess, and, considering England as a conquest, they inflicted upon her people unqualified restrictions and the severest penalties for breach of them. Many of these have been slowly, gradually, and unwillingly relaxed, because the original laws had fixed an impress upon the habits and education of the landed proprietors, which has been continued with occasional modifications to the present times.

But men should now view these things with different eyes; it is no longer the fact that the monarch is the sole proprietor of the land, nor are the landlords arbitrary in power save as vassals to the prince. The rights of mankind are now somewhat better understood, and the claims which the so-called superiors have upon the actual cultivators of the soil are founded upon certain reciprocities which neither can nor ought to be denied; consequently it may reasonably be demanded, if the landlord claims a right to his rent, that the tenant be allowed to protect his crops, and to partake in all that is *feræ naturæ* upon the land which he occupies.

We remember that once, several years ago, when a discussion took place on this subject in the House of Lords, Lord Wynford—no longer the popular Sergeant Best—took part on the aristocratical side of the question, and urged to the effect that if the landlords could not have the Game Laws preserved, and if all classes of persons could be privileged to kill game, *there would no longer be an inducement for country gentlemen to reside on their estates.* As if country gentlemen could not have a nobler, a more honourable inducement to pass a portion of time upon their property and among their tenantry than for the purpose of hunting foxes and hares or shooting partridges and pheasants! The remark would have been worthy a Satellite of Rufus, but was disgraceful to the present century.

Can anything be more unreasonable than for a landlord to claim as his exclusive property that which half an hour ago was upon the domain of a neighbour on the right, and may be on that of a neighbour on the other side in the next few minutes?—which came from heaven knows where, and goes in a direction equally indefinite;—which cannot be identified by any legal claimant, and which derives its sustenance from those very means of the poor tenant to which he looks to enable him to pay the landlord's demand, but which the tenant may neither kill for his use, nor drive from the ground he occupies?

The poor—and indeed many of the rich—allow a wide stretch of conscience in a matter of smuggling, although it may easily be proved to be theft committed on the public; but with regard to poaching it is hard to convince any but the sporting landlord that it is either dishonest or immoral. Private property itself is only a conventional arrangement in society,—of the highest utility doubtless and altogether necessary for the general weal, but who can set up an individual claim to property in wild and free animals, of which he knows not the comings, goings, marks, nor knows of their individual existence until they chance to present themselves to his sight!

We perceive that sporting landlords laugh in their sleeve at the notion of a Committee of Inquiry upon this subject, and think that the appointment is just a quiet way of putting the matter to sleep, seeing that the House could not blink it altogether. But we suspect that they will find in Mr. Bright that they have "caught a Tartar." He is not to be put to sleep, nor, in their own language "to be drawn off the scent." His object has common sense to back it, the world is wide awake to the merits of the case, and the honourable mover will—measurably at least—succeed in his righteous interposition.

We give to-day, in considerable detail, the discussions in the House of Commons relative to the infamous letter-opening system which Mr. Duncombe has so successfully exposed. The Honourable Member lost his motion, it is true, and he probably expected to lose it, for it was both natural and proper that the Premier should throw his axis—that is, the Government votes—over his colleague, and thereby keep back some portion of the odium likely to attach to full disclosures, as well as possibly to save names which had not yet been implicated in the transaction. But though he lost *his motion*, it cannot be denied that he gained a triumphant victory. We do not by this, mean a victory merely over the Home Secretary, but over an unjust and dishonourable system every way unworthy of a British ministry, and infinitely more accordant with the spirit of an Oriental or an African court. It made the actors ashamed of even a *legal* act, because it implied a breach of private faith in what is held most sacred of earthly intercourse, and he has put such a discountenance upon it, and awakened such a vigilant watchfulness with respect to it, that, hereafter the minister must be a bold man and the exigency must be a heavily pressing one, that will induce him to stand up in his place in Parliament and vindicate such a proceeding.

By-the-bye, we should imagine Sir Robert Peel has by this time begun to abate somewhat of his confidence in the powerful accessions which he imagined himself to have received from the Whig ranks. Neither the Home Secretary in the Commons nor the Colonial Secretary in the Lords have been successful in acquiring public confidence and respect; they lost it on the part of those whom they quitted, and they cannot fully attain it among those with whom they have enlisted themselves. It is the deserter's fate to be always an object of suspicion, and to be used, but not trusted. Sir Robert is so capable a man himself in public business that he can afford to have these gentlemen in office, and thereby he retains their family influence; but we still retain our old opinion that Lord Stanley was sent up to the Lords, that the minister might get rid of him in the Commons, and not that he might be some relief to the Duke, who neither needs nor would accept such an adjunct.

Whether it be in the consciousness of his great political strength, or in that of the popular fiscal movements which he had brought recently before Parliament—though the latter would undoubtedly confer the former—certain it is that the Premier now comes out with the note of defiance, clear and loud to the ears of Young England and all others who fancy they can find anything to carp at in his measures. The following is a specimen; it is in answer to a threat uttered by the organ of "Young England," Mr. Disraeli:—

"If you think we have, at variance with our principles, shaken the Church, greatly extended popular privileges, or infused the fresh blood of democracy into the working of the constitution, tell us so, and oppose us. If you denounce our commercial or financial policy, oppose the particular act. If the combination of our misconduct is such that you think we are no longer entitled to confidence, mark your want of confidence by a public declaration of opinion, and by distinct opposition to us. [Loud Cheers.] I should regret the loss of that confidence to which the Honourable Gentleman refers; but I freely say, that, as the Minister of the Crown, I will attempt to do good as far as I can; and if, in attempting to accomplish that, I forfeit the confidence which I have so much prized, I will adopt that course rather than retain confidence at the expense of the public good."

This is spirited and shews the minister's reliance on his position; but it would have been more dignified to refrain from such a boast. We agree with the able writer in the London Spectator, who in his fine summary description of an English Gentleman makes exception to Sir Robert's right to the character in the fullest degree, for that, although his principles be good, his intentions honest, his measures wise, his conduct honourable, his deportment and habits benevolent and respectable, yet he injures the gloss of the English Gentleman's character by saying too much about his own measures and holding them too publicly up to general admiration. The people and the British Empire owe him much, for all that.

General Almonte, Mexican Minister to the United States, has withdrawn himself from official communication with this Government, and is now in this city; we understand that it is the intention of his Excellency to wait here for farther instructions from the Mexican Government.

PORTRAIT OF SIR CHARLES (NOW LORD) METCALFE.—We have been gratified by receiving a fine proof impression of the plate in Mezzotinto, from a Portrait of His Excellency Lord Metcalfe, Governor-General of the British Provinces of America. Whatever notions one may conceive of a great public character, they always receive an impulse and not unfrequently a correction from the sight of either himself or his portrait; we are apt to fancy that we can trace in his lineaments the marks of his mind, his intellect, and his known peculiarities, or on the other hand we are sometimes struck with the immense difference between the fact and the fancy. In the case before us all our *own* pre-conceived notions are abundantly confirmed, for to us this great man looks great. Of course we cannot *touch* for the fidelity of the likeness but we well believe it; and it shews a face in which frankness, mildness, and firmness are well combined; the forehead is lofty, broad, and ample, the lips are rather tightly compressed, and indicative of resolution, self-command, and habits of authority; the eyes are not large, nor much sunken, but there is a straight-forward direction in them, such as every honest man should give, who is not afraid to look any man, however great, in the face. Phrenologically speaking the head is a fine one as regards intellectuality. Lord Metcalfe is represented as seated in a large easy chair, dressed in a uniform frock coat and with the Star of the Order of the Bath on the left breast; a fine flowing drapery of curtains is behind him; and we can suppose him giving an audience to some one towards whom he looks serenely but fully. The Engraving is executed in very beautiful and masterly style by Mr. Warner of Philadelphia, from a Portrait of his Lordship by Bradish.

The Publisher, Mr. R. W. S. Mackay, of Montreal, has put forth a neat and terse summary of Lord Metcalfe's biography, to accompany each impression of the plate; and, as the recital of the acts of such a man must be interesting to every true heart of any country, we need not apologise for giving it a place in our columns, where it will be found to-day. The plate is for sale in this city by Mr. Ansel Edwards, Park Row.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO MR. BROUGH.—This Concert certainly did approach to the brilliancy which we desired and expected. The spacious Saloon at Niblo's Garden was crowded both on the floor and in the gallery, and the performances went off with great *éclat*. The sight and the reflection must have been very gratifying to the general favorite in honour of whom it took place, and to crown the whole, it is probable that he put the best part of a thousand dollars in his pocket. Among the vocalists was one whom we heard for the first time, a Mr. Mayer, of barytone qualities, pleased us exceedingly in a duet with Sig. Salomonski, but the latter is not, nor ever will be a good singer. Miss Northall sang with much feeling and purity, but she wants a little more firmness, and she should not see-saw her person whilst singing. Madame Otto, as usual, charmed the audience with her Swiss Melody, and took part in a Duet from Tancredi with Miss Taylor, the latter also sang an old favorite of ours called "Just like Love," said in the bills to be composed by Ricci, but we had always understood it to be by Dary a pupil of Jackson of Exeter. Madame Pico was in fine voice and sang a good deal, her gem of the evening, however, was a Spanish song, into which she threw a good deal of action and humour, and which was honoured with an enthusiastic encore. Sig. De Begnis was great in the celebrated Tarantella, and Brough himself sang finely the airs of "My Boyhood's Home," the celebrated "Robber's Song" in "The Castle of Andalusia," and "The Sea."

There were two instrumental pieces, one being a *Dialogo* for Flute and Cla-

ronet, by those two capital artists, Kyle, Jr., and Grœnveldt, and the other a Fantasia on the Pianoforte by Mr. Walker. Of the former of these we may say that it was listened to by the whole audience with unmixed delight, for the performers are decidedly unrivalled in this hemisphere. The latter was chiefly for the purpose of exhibiting the qualities of a new patent "attachment" to the Pianoforte which produces harmonies. On this we will speak more at large next week.

In the course of the second part Mr. Brough came forward and offered a volunteer performance on the part of the Warden Family of Vocalists from Philadelphia; they sang "The Postilion of Lonjumeau," harmonised for 4 voices, which was loudly applauded, and upon being called again they sang "Peaceful Slumbering," harmonised in like manner, with great effect.

Mr. Brough was called for at the conclusion of the Concert, and he acknowledged the compliment in a neat and brief manner.

ITALIAN OPERA.—There are now solid hopes of an effective Italian opera in this city. Sig. De Begnis has given public denial of his accepting a Mexican engagement, and he grounds his refusal on the reason "that it might interfere with his proposed enterprise in the Fall." We know that as soon as preliminaries shall be finally settled here, as to lease &c., he is ready to commence negotiations at Milan, Naples, Rome, &c., with the full purpose of bringing an ample strength of talent for opera here. It has been partly through lack of talent hitherto, but still more through bad management and personal rapacious feeling among artists that permanent success has not yet attended the highest school of vocalism here; but De Begnis so well understands the managerial duties, he has so large a professional connexion, and takes so decided a stand in carrying out his own judicious plans, that if he cannot succeed we shall despair altogether. We believe that after all it requires an Italian to manage Italians; they cannot humbug each other in professional matters, but an experienced *impresario* can carry his point, if he possess firmness also. There is a rumour that the bath will be disjoined from the Theatrical part of the property in Chamber street, and that the Savings' Bank premises will be added thereto, which would enable the proprietors to enlarge the Theatre and make it every way eligible and convenient for an Italian opera.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—A new comedy in five acts has been brought out at this house, and we hear a great cry in consequence of a new era in the Drama having commenced; but in all candour and sincerity we say that we cannot echo the cry. It is called "Fashion," it is an American production, it is introduced to the world as from the pen of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, it purports to satirise the extravagancies and *bizarries* of the City of New York, and,—we regret to add, since a lady stands sponsor to it—it is a failure. When we consider the nature of the vices and the follies which are here attempted to be shown up, we are irresistibly led to hope that these cannot be what are esteemed fashionable, and that is not the custom but the exception in this city which is thus brought to the bar of dramatic criticism. Let us look a little into this:

Mr. Tiffany (Barry) formerly a travelling pedlar, is the husband of Mrs. Tiffany (Mrs. Barry) formerly a bonnet maker in Canal street; they have subsequently thriven in the world, Tiffany being now a merchant on a large scale, and, with his lady, inhabiting one of the most splendid mansions in the most fashionable street. With her enlarged sphere of action Mrs. Tiffany's views have become enlarged; she wishes to have her establishment considered the supreme *haut ton*; she has a French waiting-woman, Millinette (Mrs. Dyott), from whom she learns much vulgar French, rendered worse by Mrs. T's absurd mispronunciation; she has put her colored waiter, Zeke (Skerret) into a splendid scarlet livery, has a public levée once a week, has furnished her apartments in a most costly manner, has expended large sums upon a conservatory, and cannot name one plant contained in it; her house is the resort of all who are considered to be fashionable, including foreign nobility (?) and lions in all their varieties. This is a description of the materials and the foundation of the plot, and before we go farther we shall now ask "Is this Fashion in New York, or is it only a vulgar imitation of it?" If the latter, the author has but lessed to admiration, and deserves the highest praise:—if the former, why was not true fashion introduced by way of contrast, showing still more strongly the utter absurdity and baseness of so mis-using the term?

Mrs. Tiffany has brought up her daughter Seraphina (Miss Horn) to be as fashionable as herself, and the young lady's hand is sought by Count Jolimaitre (Crisp), who in fact is nothing more than a compound of barber and cook, but who easily plays upon the credulity and ignorance of Mrs. Tiffany. In this fashionable mansion are also two other ladies, one being Gertrude (Miss Ellis), an orphan who is in the capacity of Governess to Miss Seraphina, and the other a sister and formerly a partner of Mrs. Tiffany in the bonnet business. This last, Prudence by name, (Mrs. Knight) cannot be trained or forced into a fashionable lady, but she is abundantly pert, wise, knowing, envious, vulgar, and for ever mistaken.

Pass we now into the counting room of Mr. Tiffany, and there we find him and his confidential clerk Snobson (Fisher) in colloquy not the most pleasant, for the latter worthy, who has had his salary increased thrice within the last year, is demanding a still farther advance, and even the hand of his boss' daughter—or else—; and these demands are agreed to, by which we guess—we may guess here—that an important secret is in the custody of Snobson. This last named amiable gentleman is depicted as one of the most rowdy, vulgar, forward, ill-looking rascals imaginable, and we must say that Fisher did him all possible justice.

We have still one character to notice, ere we endeavour to set this machinery in motion; this is Adam Trueman (Chippendale), an old friend, former part-

ner of Tiffany, but now a farmer at Cattaraugus; he has come to New York to visit Tiffany, and also to watch the progress of a little plot of his own. Trueman is a blunt, plain, straight-forward man, who abominates a lie so much that he is always uttering tirades against the vice, even to an *ad nauseam* degree.

And now for the operation of all this:—in very truth it will hardly work at all. The mock Count makes love to Seraphina, insults Gertrude, flatters Mamma, and wheedles the *Soubrette*; but all is so very palpable, and the dialogue is so very meagre, that the minds of the audience refuse to believe the characters can be so imposed upon. Let us dispose of the several parts of denouement. The Count persuades Seraphina to elope with him, but finding that she has left her jewels behind they come back to fetch them, and in the meantime the disappointed Millinette has discovered him to the family, so that Miss Tiffany is barely saved from the plots of an impostor, who however does not receive any portion of either legal or poetical justice for his atrocities. Gertrude after a small distress in consequence of a *contretemps* which throws her character under suspicion, clears herself, and is married to Col. Howard (Dyott); upon which Adam Trueman acknowledges her as his grandchild, and we learn that he has watched her fortunes from infancy, but resolved never to acknowledge her until she should find a lover who would take her for herself alone.—A notable resolution for the rough, straight-forward old farmer to make. And now, out comes the main secret. Snobson finding that he could not obtain Seraphina, in a drunken rage proclaims that Tiffany has been guilty of forgery, and is now determined to denounce him. Upon this discovery Tiffany tries the pathetic, he raves and bellows to Trueman to help him; he shows not any remorse, but much fear of consequences, and in short he is a despicable rascal. Trueman however does help him; he takes Snobson to task, and draws from him that he had been privy to the forgeries of Tiffany, and had received a consideration for concealment; upon which Trueman pounces upon him as an "accessory before the fact," and Snobson makes his exit, resolving to "go to Texas." Now all this is too puerile, and it is carried on in dialogue which never once becomes vigorous; there is not one elevated, ennobling sentiment throughout; and though there is much slang there is no humour. We do not recollect one moving scene, yet the actors did their share of the business admirably. Mrs. Barry never appeared to more advantage. Chippendale, Fisher, Crisp, brought forward all the resources of their art. Mrs. Knight played the absurd Prudence capitally, and the acting has saved the piece from immediate condemnation. There are two characters in the play to which we have not yet alluded: namely Mr. Fog (Bridges), and Mr. Twinkle (De Walden); these are mere excrescences, they neither forward nor are in any way connected with the plot, and might be cut off root and branch with advantage. Skerret outdoes the ridiculous character of Zeke, and altogether we are forced to the conclusion that this is not the Comedy, but the *Libel* of "Fashion."

The Scenery is beautiful, and does infinite credit both to the manager and to the artists, and the stage is furnished in a most elegant manner.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Mrs. Shaw's engagement here has terminated for the present, and a brilliant one it has been. It is almost a pity that the manager did not follow up the very prosperous run which such an engagement always insures. They are now playing "The Bohemian Girl" here, as a Melodrama, and a new afterpiece called "Somebody Else," which last we have not yet seen.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Here also the "Somebody Else" is in course of performance together with old favourites.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The main attraction here at present is "Monseigneur," which has a good run.

* * We perceive by the daily journals that Mr. Dinneford intends to make a Summer season at Palmo's Theatre, and that music will form a portion if it be not the entire staple of the entertainments. Preparations are also in forwardness at that favorite place of Summer resort, Niblo's Garden, for light performances there. Mr. Niblo has made arrangements with Mr. Chippendale, to take the stage management, and the public have every right to anticipate pleasant treats during the warm months, at that charming garden and the places of amusement attached to it.

Literary Notices.

KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSEKEEPING. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. New York, Harper & Brothers.—The authoress has put forth a clever little monitor to young ladies who may hereafter take upon themselves the responsible charge of domestic comfort. She has placed the incidents in a striking point of view, and the perusal of the little book may be found more than a lesson to the young—it may check errors that have already commenced.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE.—No. 43 and 44.—We have here the conclusion of the Notes to "The Winter's Tale," and the commencement of "Much Ado About Nothing." The cuts are exceedingly good, both in design and execution. We perceive however that in this edition the plays do not follow in the ordinary succession which is formed in others. We have not yet examined the reason, but shall endeavour to ascertain it.

STABLE ECONOMY.—By John Stewart.—New York: Appletons.—The author of this work has attained a great and deserved celebrity, on account of it. The horse, it is true, has been an object of greater solicitude than he is at present, yet enough remains to make this book of immense value, and, as it comes from the pen of one who has had great practical experience of the properties, qualities, uses, and diseases of the noble animal, it will assuredly be in general request and esteem. The subject includes Stabling and the operations there, the Restraints, Accidents, Habits, Vice, &c., incidental to horses, Warmth, Food, Water, Service, Management of Diseases and Wounds, &c. In short it is an Epitome of treatment, and contains clear and useful directions and instructions. It likewise contains numerous well-executed illustrations.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

THE INFLUENCE AND PRACTICAL UTILITY OF THE FINE ARTS.—BY L. P. CLOVER, JR.

When Demetrius was encamped before Rhodes with the intention of besieging it, he refused to set fire to that portion which contained the studio of Protogenes the painter, though in so doing, he would have gained possession of the city. Such veneration and love for the Arts, is creditable alike to its possessor, and to the age and country in which he lived, for it shows the influence of the painter's art to subdue the baser passions, to tranquillize the mind, and to prepare us for the consideration of a subject more ennobling, and of more importance than any other that can be presented. We know that the question has been frequently asked, "Of what utility to society is painting?" and the same inquirers have wished to know the advantages resulting from a cultivation of Poetry and Music. For our own part, where we meet with such, we at once picture to ourselves a miser who is hoarding up his gold, that future generations may riot in recklessness, and laugh at his cupidity, or the poor imbecile who not knowing his own weakness, is insensible that his fellow creatures are endowed with minds capable of cultivation. We are aware too, that it has been asserted, that the Arts of Poetry, Painting, and Music, are calculated to enervate the age in which they flourish, and to render those over whom they exercise an influence, unfit for the sterner pursuits of life. But such is not the fact. Have the writings of Shakspeare and Milton tended to weaken the minds of generations that have sprung up since their appearance? Do the mighty conceptions of Michael Angelo and Raphael contribute to retard the progress of the present age, or have they been a stumbling block to the past? Have the melodious and soul-stirring strains of Beethoven and Mozart assisted in swelling the catalogue of crime and ignorance? Or have the combined powers of Painter, Poet, and Musician, served to weaken that portion of the human family subjected to their influence? The great mass of the public believe virtue to be of utility, and consequently, whatever tends to advance virtue is not only serviceable but also desirable, and as the Art of Painting tends to elevate and purify the mind of man, it is necessarily of great utility.

The interest that has begun to manifest itself among all classes of persons throughout this country, is a sufficient proof that the American people are awakening to the advantages derivable from the Fine Arts; our artists are no longer looked upon as spending their time for the mere gratification of fancy, and without having any specific object in view; but rather as great moral teachers, whose productions appeal not only to the educated and refined, but also to the illiterate and ignorant; and as such they must eventually enjoy the same privileges as those that are accorded to members of their profession throughout Europe. There is not, perhaps, a more successful way of elevating the Fine Arts in this country to the high position they now occupy in England and other parts of Europe, than by pursuing as far as practicable the course adopted by them, namely, by inducing between artists and literati, more intercourse, more sympathy, and more friendship, by creating among men of letters, both an interest in, and a love for the artist and his works, and by impressing upon the mind of the artist the mutual advantage arising from a more friendly intercourse with writers.

How striking the contrast between the cold lethargy, or the ignorance exhibited in general towards the Fine Arts in this country, by men prominent in the walks of literature, and the golden days when Reynolds drew around his table the genius and power of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick and others. What a contrast does England's statesman, watching over, advising, and assisting, the irritable yet talented Barry, present to most of our statesmen, our Senators, and Congressmen, few of whom feel any interest in, or possess any knowledge of the Fine Arts! There can be no doubt, that through a greater degree of friendship and intercourse existing among Authors and Painters, the progress of Art and Literature in America would be vastly facilitated; for, to a mutual interchange of feelings, the Poets and Painters of Antiquity, were not unfrequently indebted for their noblest productions. We find by viewing the lives of the most distinguished ancient artists of Greece and Italy, that each one had for his intimate friend and companion a Poet or Author of reputation. Giotto and Dante were friends, Raphael and Lanzi, Giorgione and Ariosto, Titian and Aretina, Poussin and Tasso, Michael Angelo and Vasari, and the eccentric and satirical Salvator Rosa, attracted the attention and friendship of the most prominent men of his day. To a free communication of those Painters with men of letters, may be attributed in a great degree their success, not only in the higher branches of their profession, but also in the various walks of Science and Literature, the pursuit of which they found of great service in their Art, as it prepared them to execute with correctness, whatever subjects might be presented for the exercise of their talents, and likewise made them sought after by those, who could add to their stock of knowledge, and be of advantage to them in a variety of ways. A man cannot be a great painter and ignorant of every thing but his profession,—or more properly speaking, a painter is ignorant of his profession, who has not acquired information enough to distinguish him were he deprived of the power of using his pencil. Michael Angelo was great, not only as a Painter, but also as a Sculptor and an Architect, and had he never distinguished himself in either, his greatness of mind would have displayed itself to the world in some other way. In evidence of his influence and independent spirit, having on one occasion received a slight from the Pope, he determined upon leaving Florence, which he did to the great regret of the Holy Father, who wrote to him requesting his return, and upon

receiving a refusal, sent his command; this so affronted Michael Angelo, that he determined at once upon leaving the Papal territory, but was at length induced to return, upon the Pope's proposing to meet him half way, and escort him into his own dominions.

Leonardo Da Vinci excelled not only in the Art of Painting, but also in Sculpture, Architecture, Music, Poetry, and *Belles Lettres*; he likewise cultivated the Sciences of Mathematics, Anatomy, and Chemistry.

Salvator Rosa was a man of a high order of mind, and associated with the first Literary characters of his country. He was Painter, Poet, Musician, and Improvisatore, and withal a successful dramatic performer.

We find too that many prominent Painters held responsible offices under Government, and discharged their duties faithfully and efficiently. Sir Antonio More was the attached friend of his Sovereign, King Philip, followed him into Spain, and lived in much splendor and in close intimacy with that Monarch; he was afterwards appointed by the Duke of Alva to a high and lucrative situation. Sir Peter Paul Rubens was sent by the Government of Spain, Minister to England, and while there proved his diplomatic talents by concluding a treaty of peace between those two countries.

But it would be useless to enumerate, for it is unquestionably the fact, that wherever the true character of the cultivated Painter has manifested itself, there has been found almost invariably superiority of intellectual and mental powers, beyond the immediate range of his profession. We may commence with Apelles and trace down through the lapse of ages, the positions occupied by Painters, both Ancient and Modern, with their claims to such positions, and upon investigation the conclusion arrived at will be, that the qualifications which render a Painter great in his Art, would serve to distinguish him in almost any other profession.

Some of the most useful, and most wonderful mechanical inventions the world now enjoys, are the conceptions of Painters,—and of American Painters;—for the Steamboat, the Magnetic Telegraph, the application of the percussion cap to fire-arms, and numerous other practical inventions we have to thank the genius of American Painters. We ought therefore to feel gratified at the rapidly increasing taste for an Art, the pursuit of which serves to refine and elevate the human race, and to exert, in connection with its moral tendency, those powers of the mind which all persons, of every condition in society, must readily admit to be of the greatest utility,—namely, the inventive faculties. Benjamin West was more remarkable for his designs or inventions, than for either his drawing or his colouring; and it is a fact, that goes far to prove the influence of association and example upon the minds of those who look up to distinguished preceptors, that almost every American artist who followed his studies under West, has since shown the same peculiarity of faculty possessed by him, with whom they associated, and from whom they received instruction; and although in many cases forced by circumstances into different channels, that peculiarity can yet be traced to him as the instrument, by which the constructive genius of his pupils became more active than any other. Hence it was that Robert Fulton, feeling at that time the poor encouragement offered to Painters in the United States, applied his constructive faculties to Mechanics and became the originator of the Steamboat. Hence it is that Samuel F. B. Morse, the fellow pupil of Fulton, turned his attention for a time from his profession, and produced the Magnetic Telegraph, and hence it is that Trumbull and Dunlap attained to eminence, as well in Literature as in the historical or inventive department of their Art. Of Charles W. Peale and other of West's pupils similar examples might be adduced; it is said of Peale that he commenced life a mechanic, and after having visited Europe, and acquired a knowledge of his Art, he became successively a soldier, a lecturer, and a legislator, and distinguished himself by many useful inventions.

Numberless instances could be cited to prove the advantage to mechanics from a cultivation of the Fine Arts. We believe this country owes more to her artists, perhaps, than persons generally take the trouble to consider. To the inventive genius of Robert Fulton, we as a nation are in abundant measure indebted for our advanced condition; had it not been for the Steamboat the whole Western country which now teems with cities and villages, would have been comparatively a wilderness—the rich and fertile valleys of the Mississippi would, long after this time, have remained uncultivated, and the mutual and facilitated intercourse which now exists between all parts of the world would in all probability be still uneffected.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, we believe, remarks, and with great truth, "That it is by studying the works of others we learn to invent, and by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think." Robert Fulton, as we before stated, was a pupil of West, and in the requirement of his art imbibed from his master an inventive turn of mind, which was also communicated to his fellow pupil Morse, and which without doubt expressed a similar salutary influence upon the characters of those who enjoyed such intimacy and instruction. When Mr. Morse first made known to the world his plan for conveying information with the rapidity of lightning, his views were ridiculed as the wild chimeras of a Painter, and he was laughed at as one in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*; but it was then that the mind, which with him as with Fulton, was beginning to exhibit the full strength it had acquired in the laborious study of the Art of Painting,—it was then that the practical utility of his profession was beginning to unfold itself. Who will ask, after a knowledge of those and other Painters, in what consists the utility of the Fine Arts? Whether we consider their political, moral, or religious influence, we shall find they tend to implant nobler and better feelings in Society, to diminish vice, to encourage virtue, to aid the Mechanic Arts, a

to benefit the community in every possible way. They should, therefore, and doubtless will, at no distant period, receive in this country, as they do in Italy, Germany, France, and England, the aid and support of general government.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

IV.—The Twelve Apostles.—[continued.]

St. Paul, though called to the apostleship after the ascension of the Saviour, takes rank next to St. Peter as one of the chief witnesses of the Christian faith. Of all the apostles he is the most interesting; the one of whose personal character and history we know most, and through the most direct and irrefragable testimony. The events of his life, as conveyed in the Acts and the Epistles, are so well known, that I need not here particularize them. The legends connected with him are very few.

The most ancient traditions describe St. Paul as a man of small and meagre stature, with an aquiline nose, a high forehead and sparkling eyes. With regard to his stature, we must observe, that as painting can only speak to us through form, it is a point not merely of propriety but of necessity to express the greatness of character, the wisdom, the energy which distinguish Paul by giving him a lofty and dignified person; and in a picture to make Paul short insignificant, and overtopped by the other figures, would be a violence of that essential truth, to which all truth of fact merely, must be subservient.

In the single representations of St. Paul (which are very frequent) he is a majestic figure, more elegant in feature and graceful in mien than St. Peter: with something of the bearing of a Greek philosopher, and in his countenance a contemplative dignity rather than activity or energy; his face is oval, his hair curling, his beard long and flowing; he bears as his attribute the sword with which he was beheaded; generally, he holds the Gospel in his right hand, and the sword in his left.

I may observe here, that the sword in sacred pictures is usually an attribute significant of the kind of martyrdom suffered; but it is also emblematical of the "good fight" fought by the faithful Christian. St. Paul himself, in two places, likens the word of God to a sword (Ephes. vi. 17, and Heb. iv. 12). When St. Paul is leaning on the sword with the point downwards, it may express his martyrdom; when he holds it aloft, it may express also his warfare in the cause of Christ—"with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God;" when two swords are given to him, one is the attribute, the other the emblem; but this double allusion does not occur in any very ancient representations. In Raphael's fresco of 'Attila,' both St. Peter and St. Paul bear swords, but obviously as weapons, not as attributes.

There must have existed effigies of St. Paul in very early times; for Chrysostom alludes to one which hung in the chamber in which he wrote. The two most ancient which exist, have probably no pretensions to authenticity; one is a figure traced on the walls of the Catacombs (in the Cemetery of Priscilla, inscribed Paulus Pastor, Apostolus; he wears the Roman toga (Bosio, p. 519); the other is in the Catacombs at Naples, wearing a plain tunic.

Pictures from the life and actions of St. Paul are so common, that I shall here content myself with enumerating the subjects in their chronological order, and giving a few of the most remarkable examples of each.

We are expressly told that St. Paul, before his conversion, was present at the stoning of Stephen, and he is occasionally introduced into representations of that subject; but the same feeling which prevailed with regard to St. Peter's denial of our Lord has been the cause that in some of the pictures of the martyrdom of Stephen, Paul is omitted: on this point there will be more to say when treating the history of St. Stephen.

The first great event in the life of Paul is his Conversion; an incident so important, that in all its accessories so picturesque and dramatic, that we cannot wonder at its frequent recurrence. In general, there are many figures. Paul is seen in the act of falling or already thrown from his horse, and lying stunned or amazed on the earth: the horse is either rearing with terror or rolling on the ground; and of the attendants and soldiers, some are flying in all directions, others gazing up in affright; above is seen the figure of Christ in a glory, alone, or attended by angels and saints. The treatment admits of course, of endless variety, in the disposition and number of the figures, in the attitudes and expression, but the moment chosen is generally the same. The most famous example of this subject, is Michael Angelo's fresco in the Capella Paolina, where it forms the pendant to the Crucifixion of St. Peter. It is an immense composition, said to be his last work. A long train of soldiers is seen ascending in the back ground; Christ appears as if rushing down from heaven surrounded by a host of angels; Paul, a noble figure though prostrate appears to be struck motionless; in the whole arrangement there is a certain dignity not to be found in the usual treatment of this subject; (the large engraving by Beatrixet is in the British Museum) Raphael's cartoon of this subject for the tapestries of the Vatican is lost, but the composition is well known; it is not equal to that of Michael Angelo. Hardly less celebrated is the fine picture of Rubens, at Leigh Court; but the fallen saint expresses, in his attitude, the most helpless and grovelling prostration, and the grey horse, snorting and rearing behind is the finest part of the picture.

In Albert Durer's print, a shower of stones is falling from heaven on St. Paul and his company.

There is a very curious and unusual version of this subject by Lucas van Leyden. It is a composition of numerous figures. St. Paul is seen, blind and bewildered, led between two men; another man leads his frightened charger; several warriors and horsemen follow, and the whole procession seems proceeding slowly to the right. In the far distance is represented the previous moment—Paul struck down and blinded by the celestial vision. This print, which is extremely rare, is in the British Museum.

Cuyp has given us a Conversion of St. Paul, apparently for the sole purpose of introducing horses in different attitudes. The favourite dapple grey charger is seen bounding off in terror. There is a small spirited picture of this subject at Hampton Court (Vincenzo Malo, No. 83).

St. Paul, after his conversion, restored to sight by Ananias (Acts, ix. 17), is a subject not often treated; but it has been painted by Vasari, by P. Cortona, and by Cavalucci.

'The Jews flagellate Paul and Silas,' by Nicolo Poussin: the council of the elders, who have condemned them, is seen behind. We have Paul and Barnabas before Sergius, by the same great painter (Acts, xiii. 7); and the ecstatic Vision of St. Paul, in which he is borne up by angels (2 Cor. xii. 3), twice over, and quite differently each time.

But it is in the Cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court, that St. Paul appears most worthily represented. In the story of Elymas the soothsayer—in Paul and Barnabas at Lystra (Acts, xiv. 8)—in that noblest of all, Paul preaching in the Areopagus (Acts, xvii. 22) we have the same figure varied in attitude and expression, but full of dignity and energy. In the head, Raphael

has departed from the ancient traditional type, for the bushy hair covers the brow, and the nose is not aquiline.

Underneath the large compositions from the life of Paul, contained in the Tapestries, Raphael introduced a series of six smaller compositions, equally fine; but the cartoons are lost:—1. Saul making havoc of the Church; 2. Mark taking leave of Paul; 3. Paul addressing the Jews at Antioch (Acts, xiii. 16); 4. Paul engaged in Tent-making (Acts, xviii. 3); 5. Paul mocked by the Jews; 6. Paul lays his hands on the Converts; 7. Paul before Gallio. All these have been engraved.

St. Paul preaching to the Converts at Ephesus (Acts, xviii. 19) has been beautifully treated by Perin del Vaga (engraved by Bonasone) and by Le Sueur; in the latter picture the magicians bring their books of sorcery, and burn them publicly at the feet of the Apostle.

Paul after his conversion is assisted in his escape from Damascus, (Acts, ix. 25), by Perin del Vaga, in the series of subjects from the life of St. Paul. He is seen let down from the window in a basket. I remember that this one representation, and the situation is so ludicrous in itself, that we may understand its being avoided in point of feeling, if not of taste. St. Paul putting the Dragon to flight' (i.e. vanquishing Sin, the arch enemy) is another of the same series.

Paul before Felix' was painted by Hogarth for Lincoln's-inn Hall. It is a picture curiously characteristic, not of the scene or the subject, but of the painter. St. Paul loaded with chains, and his accuser Tertullus, stand in front, and Felix, with his wife Drusilla, are seated on a raised tribunal in the background; near Felix, the high-priest Ananias. The composition is good. The heads are full of vivid expression—wrath, terror, doubt, fixed attention; but the conception of character most ignoble and commonplace.*

'St. Paul's Shipwreck,' and 'St. Paul shaking the viper from his hand,' have often been painted. The latter subject, beautifully, by Le Sueur.

Not to dwell longer on the infinity of pictures from the life of Paul, I must express my astonishment that one subject, affording apparently the finest capabilities, has never been adequately treated—Paul before Agrippa. It is one of the eight subjects from the life of the Apostle, painted by Thornhill on the dome of St. Paul's in London†.

One of the many scenes in which St. Peter and St. Paul are introduced together is the dispute at Antioch, alluded to by St. Paul (Gal. xi. 11): "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." This is the subject of a celebrated picture, by Guido, now in the Brera, at Milan. St. Peter is seated, and St. Paul, in an attitude of rebuke, stands over against him. I presume the same subject to be represented by Lucas van Leyden, in an exquisite little print, in which St. Peter and St. Paul are seen together in earnest conversation. They are both seated on the ground. St. Peter holds a key in his right hand, and points with the other to a book which lies on his knees. St. Paul is about to turn the leaf, and his right hand appears to rebuke St. Peter. His left foot is on the sword which lies at his feet.

The Martyrdom of St. Paul took place at Rome, in the twelfth year of the reign of Nero. He was beheaded by the sword. Being born a Roman citizen, he escaped the ignominy of the torture and crucifixion, though he would probably, like St. Peter, have considered the latter death too great an honour.‡ The decollation of St. Paul is, I know not why, uncommon as a separate subject. Giotto has painted it in the Vatican. According to the received tradition, the two apostles suffered at the same time. In the picture of Nicolo dell' Abate (Dresden Gallery), St. Peter is present at the death of Paul. The latter kneels before a block, and the headsman stands with sword uplifted in act to strike; in the background, two other executioners grasp St. Peter, who is kneeling on his cross, and praying fervently: above, in a glory, is seen the Virgin; in her arms the infant Christ, who delivers to two angels palm branches for the martyred Saints. Though the genius of Nicolo was not precisely fitted for this class of subjects, the story is well told, and the whole composition full of poetical expression. The parting of Peter and Paul, when led to death outside the Ostian Gate, was painted by Lanfranco.

During the imprisonment of Peter and Paul in the Mamertine dungeons, the two keepers of the prison, named Processus and Martinian, were so struck by the piety and fervent teaching of the Apostles, that they were converted, baptized, and publicly declared themselves Christians; and, persisting in their faith, they also suffered martyrdom. Valentin has painted this subject; the mosaic is in St. Peter's.

There are various traditions concerning the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul. According to some, the bodies of the two Apostles were deposited by the Christian converts in the catacombs of Rome, and were laid in the same sepulchre. After the lapse of about two hundred years, the Greek or Oriental Christians attempted to carry them off; but were opposed by the Roman Christians. The Romans conquered; and the two bodies were transported to the Church of the Vatican, where they reposed together in a magnificent shrine, beneath the church. Among the engravings in the works of Ciampini and Bosio are two rude pictures commemorating this event. The first represents the combat of the Orientals and the Romans for the bodies of the Saints; in the other, the bodies are deposited in the Vatican. In these two ancient representations, which were placed in the portico of the old basilica of St. Peter, the traditional types may be recognised—the broad full features, short curled beard, and bald head of St. Peter, and the oval face and long beard of St. Paul.

The arrangement of the hair and the length of the beard vary in some instances; but the characteristic type of countenance never, in any example worthy of being cited as authority.

Music.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—We had hopes when this delightful Society was first formed, that long before this time it would have met with abundant

* Hogarth was more at home when he took the same subject as a vehicle for a witty caricature of the Dutch manner of treating sacred subjects—their ludicrous anachronisms and mean incidents. St. Paul, in allusion to his low stature, is mounted on a stool; an angel is sawing through one leg of it. Tertullus is a barrister, in wig, band, and gown, &c.

† Now invisible. The magnanimous City authorities paid Thornhill 40s. the square yard for these paintings in honour of London's patron saint.

‡ According to the legend, his severed head made three bounds, and, at each spot where it touched the earth, sprang up a fountain. This obvious allegory has been literally interpreted, and the miracle commemorated in the church 'Delle Tre Fontane,' near Rome.

I may further observe, that painters are apt to confound the incident of the resurrection of Eutychus, which is related in Acts, xx. 9, with the legend of Patroclus, the cup-bearer of Nero, who also fell from a window, and was recalled to life by Paul. The scene of the authentic history was Troas; the scene of the legend, Rome, before the palace of Nero. Care must be taken not to confound either with the legend already related in the story of St. Peter and Simon Magus.

encouragement, and be not only one of the best, but one of the most *fashionable*—that's the phrase—musical associations in New York. But without probing too deeply into the condition of musical taste here; though it speaks loud enough, it seems that the *Fashion* rather favored Opera than Madrigal; and this, perhaps, because the latter is considered a half-obsolete English term, and the former is familiar as a "household word." The result was that all the attraction of the highest musical names in the department of Glee, Madrigal, and other *Vocal* music in parts, were vain; the very Press itself, with one or two exceptions, were silent upon the subject, as if they obstinately would not, or ignorantly could not enlarge thereon. The Society persevered through the season in giving the allotted number of Vocal Concerts, they alternated between the sacred and the profane; they even produced the psalms composed by Mendelssohn—works which will live as long as Music shall be cultivated—and sang them too, in chaste, tasteful, and full style, but no public response was heard, no strictures upon either the compositions or the performances, all was frigid silence among critics, and the "sweetness" of the minstrelsy was wasted "on the desert air."

But a *real* love of Music exists in this Society; and the members though disappointed were not disheartened. They ceased indeed to offer public Concerts which were found to be attended with loss, but they have gone steadily on cultivating the class of Music included in their plan, and this year they have commenced giving occasional Soirées, at which their audiences are visitors by invitation, admitted by gratuitous tickets. They gave one on Saturday evening last at the Minerva Rooms, which was completely crowded, and the performances were gone through in capital style, and warmly applauded. Now this was good policy on the part of the Society, though it was—we protest against any profanity of intention—to "go into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in;" for such are the substantial merits of the institution and its objects, that it *must* succeed when properly known. The first part of this Soirée consisted of selections from Rossini's great Opera of "Semiramide," in which Mrs. E. Loder and Miss De Luce (both Members of the Society) sang charmingly. The second was a rich Glee and Madrigal Selection, among the pieces in which, it will be sufficient to name O. Gibbon's "The Silver Swan," Sir Henry Bishop's "Blow Gentle Gales," and Festa's "Down in a Flowery Vale." Between the parts Mr. J. A. Kyle played a Fantasia on the Flute, on two popular airs; he was accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Geo. Loder, by whom in conjunction with Mr. Kyle, the Fantasia was written. We need scarcely add that it was highly effective, for we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Kyle, Jr., the best Flautist in America.

Before we take leave of this subject, we would venture to assure those who are not conversant in musical composition, that the Madrigal has occupied the attention of the greatest composers of Italy, Germany, and England, though it has now become considered as in a great measure peculiar to the last.

NEW MUSIC.—Just published by W. Millet, 329 Broadway:—

"Love On"—An answer to Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Love Not." Words by F. P. Watson, Music by Robt. Genglot. The composer is much esteemed in this class of Music, which is simple, touching melody.

"We may be happy yet."—A Ballad composed by Balfe and sung in the new Opera of "The Daughter of St. Mark." It has all the usual characteristics of this writer's style, but with submission we must say the motif is not a sweet or flowing one.

*. * Whether the taste for music be improving or decaying we will not now say, for the object of these remarks will bear either construction, but we find that the manufacturers of musical instruments are indefatigable in their endeavours to make their wares unexceptionably good, and to devise improvements in various and numerous directions. It was but the other day that we reported a visit which we were invited to make to the Pianoforte Manufactory of Mr. Pirsson, to-day we would accord the same measure of justice and well-deserved praise to that of Mr. Thomas H. Chambers, of 385 Broadway. At this store we did not indeed perceive any decided new principle or mechanism in operation, but were gratified in perceiving the easy *touch* of his instruments, their neat and prompt action, their general equality of tone, as well as the round, full quality of the latter, and, what is always a matter of consideration in anything intended for the drawing-room, the handsome and tasteful build of the instruments, and the beautiful graining of the veneers. Mr. Chambers, upon this occasion, shewed us a long list of names of gentlemen in the highest standing of society, many residing in this city, and other influential persons in divers parts of the United States, who have given him permission—and some have requested him to use it—to refer to them for the quality of instruments they have purchased of him.

*. * We would call attention to Mr. H. Wilson's advertisement in our columns to-day. His "Hotel and Dining Rooms" are advantageously located for extensive accommodation, and we feel assured that Mr. Wilson's attention to the comfort and satisfaction of his guests will ensure to him large encouragement.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway, corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufacturer.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr 29.

ORIGIN OF EVERY DISEASE, AND THE MEANS OF CURE.—In the year 1795, Le Roy clearly demonstrated that every disease originated from impure or undigested particles, becoming mixed with the blood and fluids. And also, that to cure every disease, it was only necessary to open the natural outlets of the body, and allow them to remain open, by which means the blood and other fluids would release themselves from these undigested and impure particles, and a state of health would be certain to ensue.

The Royal Institute of France awarded to him for this discovery, the Gold Medal of the Institute.

This is a historical fact.

All which the Brandreth Vegetable Universal Pills profess to do is, to carry out this principle, and experience has fully established them capable of it. When, therefore, a bad state of health exists in the body, all that has to be done is to continue to purge it effectually with them, and the more virulent the disease, the more powerful must be the dose.

The Brandreth Pills are made entirely of Vegetable Extracts, known by long experience to be perfectly innocent, and yet of more power as a purgative, or cleanser of the alimentary canal, than any other medicine. Their effect on the system is so easy, that it is a remarkable fact that the same dose may be given to an infant or adult, without the possibility of doing any injury—but on the contrary good. Therefore, in costiveness, either habitual or otherwise, and in Bilious Fevers, and all bilious affections they are of the greatest possible benefit.

THOSE WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM REMITTING OR INTERMITTING Bilious Complaints, should read the following, and be guided thereby:—

CAUSE OF PAIN.—Pain is the consequence of the exertion of the organ or part where it is present to throw off morbid or corrupt humors, for no pain can exist but from the presence of those matters which are of an unhealthy character. When we have pain in the head, in the bowels, or in any other part of the body, it only proves the presence of matters which the blood is trying to remove, and it is this struggle which is the occasion of pain. To be bled, only relieves the anguish in proportion as the amount of life is reduced, and the same may be said of all lulling or soothing remedies. Not so with Brandreth's Pills; they at once go to the assistance of the blood in aiding it to discharge bad humors, to conquer the Death Principle. To relieve pain in this way does not leave any bad effects. The Life Principle is not reduced, nor are the teeth destroyed; but all the organs are cleansed and their health insured.

WILSON'S HOTEL & DINING ROOMS,

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening.

G. B. CLARKE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from..... \$16.00 to \$20.00
" Bk Cass Pants (Dressin)..... 6.00 to 8.50
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Dress Coats..... \$7.00 to \$9.00
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John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

IF A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Brilamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify as much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT.

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it a duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.
Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York; and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (Mr 15-4f.)

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

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SURGEON,
J. C. Beales, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.BANKERS,
The Bank of Commerce.SOLICITOR,
Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c., at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in *Perfect security*, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the *Treennial distribution* of eighty per cent. or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
20	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	98	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39
45	1 55	1 80	3 61	4 08
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, forty years, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfilment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future solvability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's duly-empowered Agents.

Mr. J. F. JOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 57 Wall-street.
R. S. BUCHANAN, Agents, 57 Wall-street.

PHRENOLOGY.

FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals.—No. 131 Nassau Street,—where may also be had **FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY**; the **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**, a Monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular; **PHRENOLOGY** applied to Education and Self-Improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Hereditary Descent, &c. &c. **PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS** for Learners, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-Improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. (Mr. 1-4m.)

CHESSMEN.

JUST RECEIVED FROM CANTON DIRECT, an assortment of Splendidly Carved Ivory **CHESSMEN**, with highly ornamented Boards for Chess or Backgammon, and for sale by

WILLIAM JACKSON, 177 Broadway.

APARTMENTS WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A couple of gentlemen or a lady and gentleman may meet with very superior permanent accommodations by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, St. John's Park. The most satisfactory references will be given and required.

MR. W. R. BRISTOW, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. [Nov. 23-6m.]

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegrapha Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the *gratuitous use* of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGET, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, *gratuitously*.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEGGET, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office 67 Wall-street.

JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

☞ P. S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone. Sp. 7.

McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the super vision of the proprietor, JAMES McGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire good FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

☞ Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

JAMES McGREGOR.

[Mar. 9-1f]

M. RADEZ, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 20-1y.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

26 CORNHILL.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING.

General Agent for the United States of America,

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 62 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleecker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS.

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR.

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 20 Wall-street.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and lower than the scale adopted by many London offices. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and the Society's rates, together with blank forms, and the fullest information, may be obtained upon application to the General Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid the Society. J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York. 62 Wall-street, Jan. 7, 1845. Jan. 11-1f.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at " "
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

MASON & TUTTLE,

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And transmitted to any paper in the

UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

☞ This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

☞ A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate. n 30-1f.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices. Ap. 20-1f.

TO EMIGRANTS.

AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT on all the Branches of THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND, RICH'D BELL & WM. McLAUCHLAN.

Also, **BILLS** on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. J. 18-6m.

THE REGULAR LINE FOR BOSTON, CARRYING THE GREAT UNITED STATES MAIL.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER—TRI-WEEKLY.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave Pier No. 1, North River, foot of Battery Place, Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock, P.M.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners. May 11-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	June 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lower,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 1, Jan. 16, May 16	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 2.